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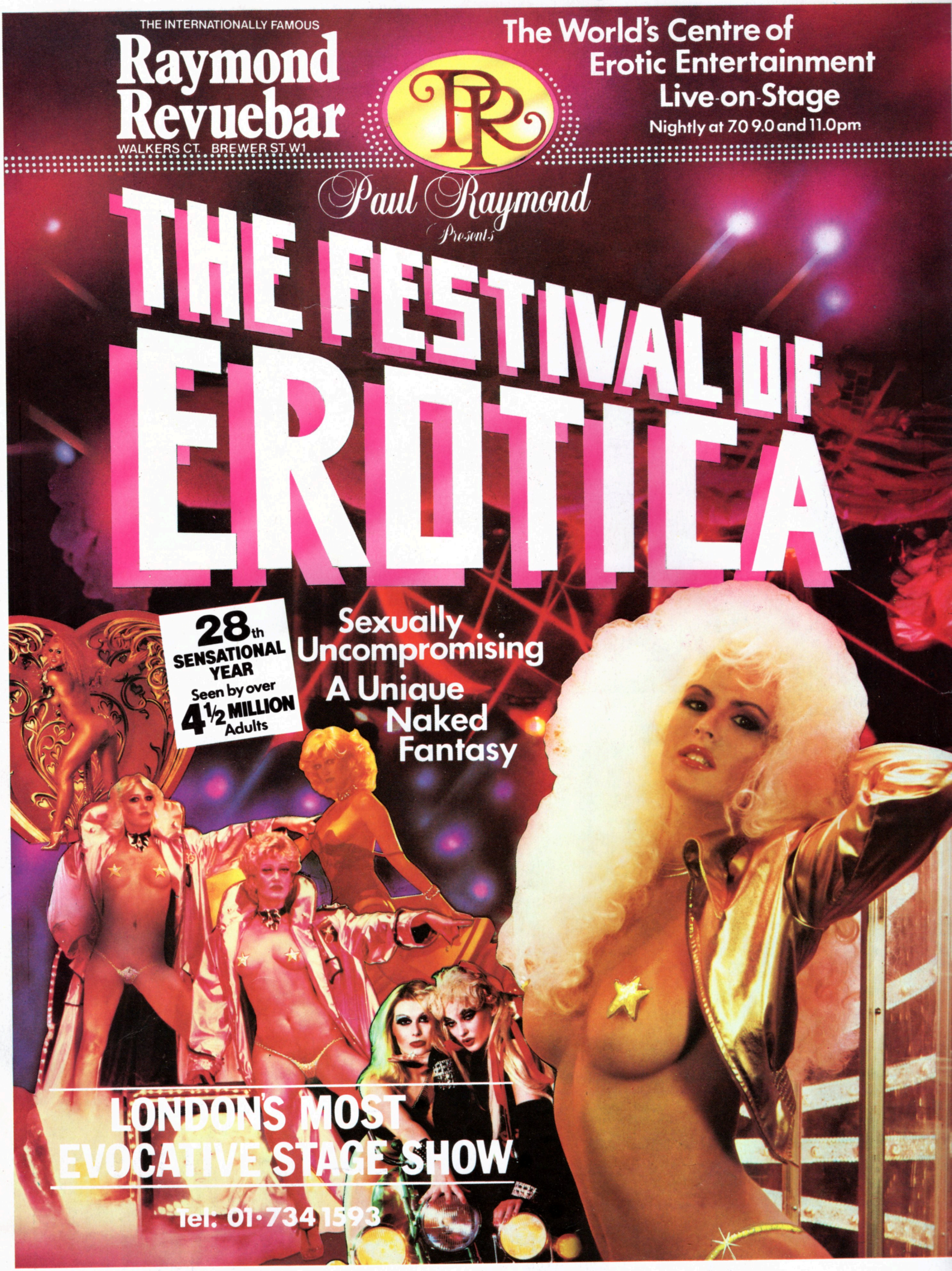
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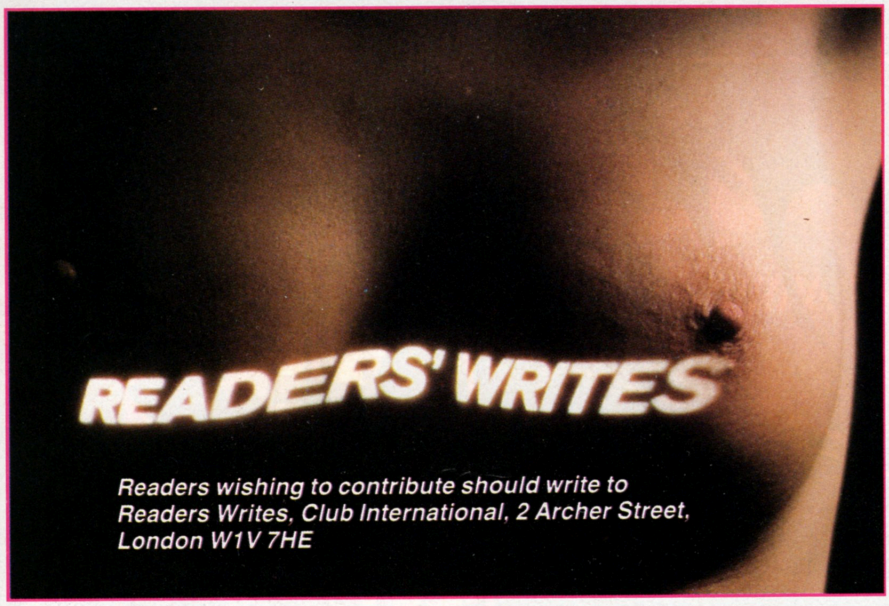


READERS' WRITES

Readers wishing to contribute should write to Readers Writes, Club International, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE

Hair To Stay

Forget your bald pussies. That lovely black minge of Teresa's (Vol 15 No 3) is quite the most amazing turn-on your – or anyone else's – magazine has given me for a long, long time; especially the full-page picture on page ten.

To me, the smell of sex is a major stimulation to actually getting it on, and a fanny saturated by the sweet smell of dibble juice is essential for me to get a really good horn going. I've shagged a few 'baldies' before, and it's a simple fact that, without the bush for the juices to cling to, you don't get the same delicious aroma. And how could any man prefer scratching his chin on stubble to chewing, smelling, biting, breathing and licking his way through a forest in full bloom – especially when it's attached to someone as heavenly as Teresa?

I remember I got off with this girl, a Belgian, in a crowded London pub during the height of the tourist season. She didn't really have an awful lot to commend her, but it was a Saturday night, it was getting on a bit, and . . . well, you know.

But I was in for a real treat. Back at my flat, I could see she had the most incredible, thick bush before I even pulled her knickers down. A real belter! I spent ages down there, during which time she climaxed all over my face at least six times. Her wad of pubes extended up to her belly and hung right underneath her arse. It's the nearest I've been to shooting my load without actually having my cock buried or handled (although I have to admit that Teresa came pretty close).

The amount of jism I pumped into my Belgian friend that night must have really done the sexual reputation of British men a power of good over in Ghent, I can tell you.

By all means pander occasionally to the whims of those who like to see their girls baring all, but don't go over the top – keep your hair on! *Jamie, London W2*

Black and beautiful . . . that's Teresa's lovely minge

On The Fringe

I like to see girls wearing leather, so you can imagine that I like looking at *Club Biker* every month.

But I particularly like seeing girls in those leather jackets you get with the long fringes on the sleeves and across the back. Girls who dress like that go to my local pub quite a lot, and they turn me on because I think their leather jackets, tight jeans and stiletto boots make them look like they enjoy a good time and like their boyfriends to be adventurous with them.

I bought my girlfriend a fringed leather jacket for her Christman last year, and she didn't half look sexy in it. I nearly died, though, when she turned up one night with the fringes all cut off it. She wonders now why I've changed my mind about insisting on her wearing her leather jacket every time I give her one.

Ian, Harrow

Dawn says she'll try to compensate for your loss by wearing a fringed leather jacket in Club Biker *before very long – Ed.*

Slowly Does It

I'd like to tell you about the girl I got off with last week. She's quite nice-looking, and i fancied her as soon as I saw her at the party.

After a few drinks had loosened me up a bit (and I dare say they'd had the same effect on her) I asked her for a dance, which she agreed to, then I started to chat her up (but very subtle, like). We spent literally hours talking to each other, and I had the impression I was doing rather well.

I did wish, though, that things could have moved a little faster – I was still talking to her at five in the morning, after almost everyone else had either gone home or crashed out. Eventually, through sheer tiredness more than anything else, I asked if she was staying overnight at the party. She said she'd probably find a blanket from somewhere and crash out until she could catch the first bus home.

Seizing my chance, I offered her the 'spare bed' at my flat, which was only around the corner. She surprised me by how quickly she accepted. I knew then I was on to a winner.

Fucking hell . . . too right! While I proceeded to shaft the living daylights out of her, she muttered on and on about how she'd fancied me as soon as I came into the party, and how she'd sat there talking, wishing like hell I would hurry up and invite her back to my place.

She had to disappear at nine o'clock, as she'd already made plans for that day, and all I could do for the rest of the day was kick myself for those five wasted hours. Mind you – we've since made up for that.

I'm working on a new, 'quickie' chatting-up routine for the next party.

NW, London

At Last

Please print my letter, as I have written four times before but haven't had any printed yet. *KW, Bromley*

Must keep the readers happy, mustn't we? – Ed.

Back To Reality

Oh, no! What have you done to *Affectionately Yours?* This was the best feature in your magazine, and you've gone and replaced it with *Club Chance* – which, when you get down to it, is just another glossy photo spread.

The great thing about *Affectionately Yours* was that it showed real, ordinary women in everyday surroundings. The 'amateur' look was a real turn-on, because it's easy to identify with. I'm equally disappointed with *Club Event*, which uses professional models in studio situations. We don't want this; we want

continued on page 6

Cl

MARLENE

Marlene's elegantly-styled set says a lot about the lady – if indeed one qualifies for 'ladyhood' at a mere 18 years. Seemingly eager to please and very happy in her work (!), her coquettish – 'scuse the pun – poses give the impression she's not the type of girl to bat an eyelid about taking her clothes off. And yet you wouldn't think twice about taking her home to meet yer mum. So, so . . . *wholesome* ('More tea, Dear?')! However, in academic circles, it isn't Marlene's body that makes 'em sit up and pay attention. It's her

irl Talk

acting ability, a talent which has apparently been in her family for generations. Unquestionably the star of her year at drama college, Marlene 'impressed' with her Miss Jean Brodie in her last end-of-term production, and she is the only one of 41 students in her year to have been headhunted – in vain – by the top West End management agencies. Boyfriends? 'Delete the "s",' says Marlene, almost primly. 'His name's Peter, he's old enough to be my Dad, and he's lovely.' And what does he do for a living? For once, the chirpy Bournemouth girl looked uncomfortable. 'He's, um, a theatrical agent . . .' **More of classy Marlene on page 77.**

TANYA

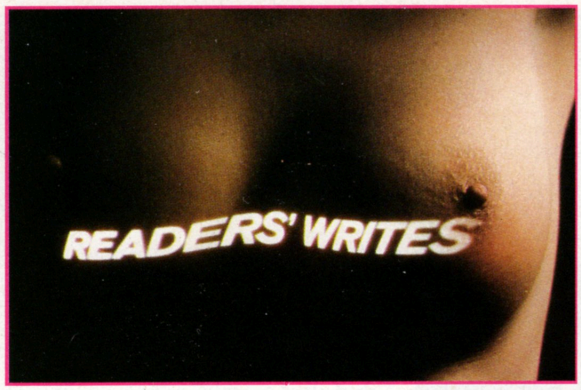
Let's face it, with looks like these, she'd make a soul-deep impression were you to spot her in a C & A mac on the top deck of a 49 bus – never mind a Club International spread in pink to make the boys wink. Send 'em blind, more like! Curiously – almost touchingly – Tanya seems naïvely unaware of any heartbreaking propensities. A head-turner, sure enough, but a heartbreaker? 'Now you mention it,' says this disarmingly pretty 19-year-old from Leicester, 'there *was* one who got a bit possessive and silly over me. A shame, because he was very good-looking and, well, I really don't know how to put it . . .' A good lay? 'Let's just say he was very cuddly. But banging on my door at three am just to check if I was alone? I ask you! He simply *had* to go.' An old and singularly unoriginal question, we confessed, but what possessed such a well-educated (three As), well-spoken (and, we guessed, well-heeled) young lady to strip for a lowly nudie spread? 'To kill the candy floss image you seem so keen on promoting!' replied Tanya, knowingly. 'Not to say: "Here I am, fellas, come and get it!" but to prove I'm neither coy, frigid, vain, or oversexed – just another girl.' Oh, in that case, we'll stop drooling right away . . . **But *you* can start on page 8 . . .**

MADELEINE

Club collectors need only to refer back to Vol 14 No 2 page 7 to see that Madeleine is on record as being a bit of a man-eater. Somehow it always seems such a shame to see a girl with such a *refreshing* outlook suddenly clean up her act, and it saddens us deeply to report that the scarlet lady on page 37 is now a one-man girl. Damn! And just when we were pitching for the Tuesday night spot. What happened? 'I got home late from a shoot one night and the cupboard was bare, so I went down the road for a Chinese takeaway,' says this wiggly 25-year-old from Hooray-infested Parsons Green. Well, it's not exactly *Gone With The Wind* so far, we chided. 'Well, he asked if he could have a bite of my spring roll,' Madeleine continued, setting our pulses racing with excitement. And then? And then? 'I said: "Come back to my place and you can share my spare ribs an' all"'. We didn't get out of bed for two whole days and nights.' Thus confirming the aphrodisiac qualities of Chinese nosh beyond all shadow of a doubt, we 'phoned for two chicken tikkas to take away, and pressed on with the shoot. Who needs to be put in the mood in the company of such an unswervingly faithful lady? . . . **Page 37 should put you well and truly in the mood!**

LAURAINE

Oh, yes, there's something *very* slinky-kinky about pillbox hats and veils. They're the perfect complement to elbow-length satin gloves and sleek silk stockings; putting one in mind, perhaps, of sexy, fat-bottomed bridesmaids at champagne-sodden wedding receptions. Indeed, Lauraine – a very shapely (and not in the least fat-bottomed!) 18-year-old from Preston, Lancs – has herself 'bridesmaided' no fewer than three times in the last year alone. 'The last time,' she recalls, slightly red-faced, 'the other two kept disappearing into a broom cupboard every ten minutes with the guests. I think everyone had them, from the best man down!' And has this rather fetching word processor operator any plans to rise above the status of marital also-ran? 'Oh, I'm much too flighty even to think about marriage!' Lauraine confesses, with commendable honesty. 'Besides, I'm only into my sixth boyfriend. Give us a chance!' But, maybe the security aspect has its appeal? 'Hardly. Security-wise, I've got a super new boyfriend, my own flat, a C-reg Golf, a nice wardrobe. Insecurity-wise, my super new boyfriend is on the dole. Listen – you're talking to security personified. Any more and I'll OD!' A rare thing, a Club girl with her head well and truly screwed on . . . **See the rest of Lauraine on page 24.**



continued from page 4

ordinary girls in real public places (discos, bars and pubs), wet T-shirt competitions, strip shows, etc.

I remember a big 'event' at my old college. It started off as a normal, boozy evening in the Students' Union bar and ended up with a competition to see who was wearing the sexiest knickers.

This involved six girls getting up on one of the big tables and hitching up their skirts (or, alternatively, dropping their jeans) to let everyone see their knickers. The winner was a chunkily-built girl called Lesley, who pulled her Indian floral skirt right up past her waist to display a tiny pair of tight knickers and bare thighs.

This is the sort of thing you should be featuring in *Club Event*. Let's have more *real* women in Club – not all those boring, skinny models in ridiculous studio settings.

Peter, Swansea

We receive far more letters praising Club Event *than we do slagging it off. Nevertheless, we're always open to suggestions, and we'd have been happy to cover your college 'do' if you'd told us about it. By the way, there are several Club models – none of whom are skinny and definitely NOT boring – who'd like a word . . . . – Ed.*

Like A Virgin?

This may appear to be a strange letter, and probably different to the ones you are used to getting, but please bear with me. My name is Tracey, I'm 18 years old, and I've recently moved into a flat for the first time.

I've led a very sheltered life – including, believe it or not – a convent education. Consequently, I'm still a virgin. I think I'm highly-sexed, but because I'm terribly shy with boys, I have to make do with masturbating – often three or four times a day. I sometimes feel quite desperate for a fuck. I know most of my friends have healthy sex lives (or so they say!), but I struggle to *talk* to lads, never mind anything else.

Anyway, the other day, I found a copy of Club in the flat – probably left by one of my flatmate's boyfriends – and, out of curiosity, took it to my room. I found myself both turned on and frustrated by what I saw. I ended up having an almighty wank, pretending to be one of your girls showing everything I've got.

I began to wonder what type of girls pose in magazines like Club, and whether they do it for the money or the sexual pleasure. Everyone knows most men buy girlie books to wank over, so the girls must know men are lusting after them.

I've never thought any lads lusted after me, but, for a whole night in my imagination, every Club International reader was wanking his cock madly at the thought of fucking me! It was incredible – I lost count of the number of times I orgasmed as I copied every pose in the book – from Sheila to *Club Chance* girl Denise (this is Vol 15 No 2, I'm talking about, by the way).

I've repeated that night at almost every opportunity, the last few times with the help of a huge 13-inch dildo I ordered straight away. The only way I could have better orgasms now would be if you printed this letter!

As I write, I am lying naked on my bed with my copy of Club and my trusty dildo. And I would love to think that Club readers might be wanking at the thought of fucking me. To help you, I'd better describe what I look like. I'm five foot four tall with a 34-22-34 figure, shoulder-length dark brown hair, and I wear glasses. Some people say I'm too thin and bony, but I think I've got nice, long legs – just perfect for wrapping around a man!

Denise's pose – just one of those copied by reader Tracey

Anyway, my legs are wide open for you all, and my pussy is dripping wet. My nipples are rock-hard and standing to attention as I rub the dildo over my tits. Now I'm sucking on the dildo as I write with my right hand, with my left hand up my pussy. How I'd love two of you to have me at once. I can't get my legs any wider apart, and my clitoris is burning. I'm going to come . . .

Oh, that was so good! But I know more of you want to fuck me, so here we go again. Anyway, I'm not satisfied yet, either. Now I'm in the doggy position (like Marcia on page 72). When I rub the dildo between my legs it really drives me wild, and my cunt juices are running down the insides of my thighs. I've just got to have the dildo up my pussy, boys – I'm desperate for it.

Now I'm kneeling on the bed with about four inches of the dildo in my cunt, imagining one of you on your back being wildly ridden by me. Another of you is behind me, teasing my bum with your cock, while hands grope and pull on my tits.

Cocks are being rubbed on my face and two of them are forced into my mouth together, so that I almost choke on their come juice.

I must stop writing for a while, because I need one hand to hammer the dildo into my cunt, and the other to play with myself. Come with Tracey, boys!

That was incredible – the first time I've managed to get every inch of my monster cock substitute inside me; God knows how many times I came before I fell over! I lost total control for a few minutes there, and now I'm knackered . . . so I'll just lie back and let you have your evil ways with me.

My pussy is ready again, boys, and the dildo is working its spell on me – in, out, soft, hard . . . oooh, so nice. I must admit I'm struggling to write and wank at the same time, so I'll finish soon.

Please publish this letter – it will make a young virgin very happy and give me hours of wanking pleasure. If anyone wants to write to Club, explaining what they'd like to do to me, it will make me even hotter; my legs are always open for you, boys, and I'll do anything for you. The thought of that is lovely. Must get back to work on my pussy. *Tracey, Lincoln*

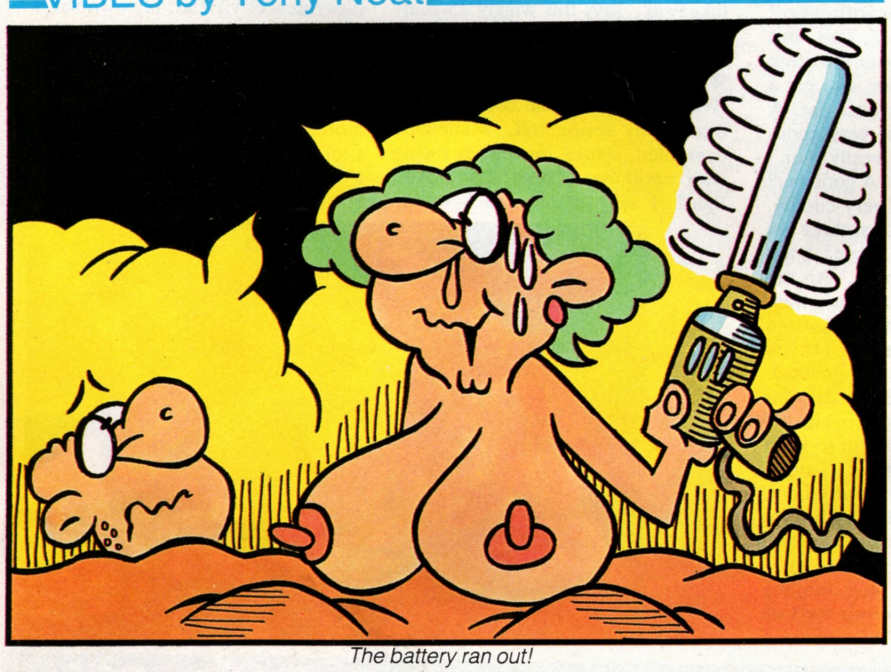
Good Neighbours

I have just done the wickedest thing of my whole life; but it was absolutely fabulous, and I feel I just have to get it off my chest.

But, first, let me introduce myself. My name is Dawn and I'm married with no children. I have shoulder-length blonde hair and a good, slim figure with a firm – though slightly small – pair of tits. I'm 28.

My escapade started one evening when I was on my way home from work. I normally drive to the office, but my husband had taken the car away on business for a couple of days. The train was quite crowded, but I noticed my next-door neighbour in the same carriage. I waved to him, and he came and sat next to me.

VIBES by Tony Neat



The battery ran out!

Perhaps I'd better tell you a bit about him. His name's Andy, and he's 18. He's about six foot two, with a lovely broad pair of shoulders and a generally fine, hunky, athletic physique.

We made polite conversation on the train, and also on the short walk home from the station. I explained that Tom, my husband, was away on business, and he said his parents had also gone away – on holiday. He said, half-jokingly, that he wasn't finding it easy cooking for himself and such like.

Ever the kindly and hospitable neighbour, I asked him: 'Why don't you come round to my place this evening? I've got plenty for two, and it'll stop us from both being lonely, won't it?'

He smiled and thanked me for the offer, and said he'd be round about eight o'clock.

As soon as I got in, I put the food on and then set the table. I then went upstairs to have a long soak in the bath: this made me even more hungry – and not only for the food! I then went into my bedroom and began to rummage through my clothes. I eventually decided on a white, almost see-through, blouse and a black leather skirt that came way above my knees. I put a dab of perfume on and tied my hair up into a bun at the back of my head.

About ten past eight, there was a knock on the door. It was Andy. He looked superb, and I don't know how I managed to keep my hands off him for as long as I did. I could see the hairs on his chest through his open-necked shirt and could smell his divine after-shave.

I showed him into the living room and went to fix us both a drink. I sat opposite him, thus allowing him to see right up my skirt – it must have excited him, judging by the bulge in his trousers (probably because I wasn't wearing any knickers).

While waiting for the meal, we made small talk again. Gradually I began to introduce suggestive comments into the conversation – just to see how he would react. At first, I only made the occasional comment – but as I made more and more suggestions, Andy became less and less embarrassed.

When he was talking about his girlfriend, I said: 'I bet you know how to give her a good time.' He went bright red at this, but started to give as good as he got while

continued on page 67

COME AGAIN

Believe me, there's nothing gives us greater pleasure here at Club than receiving letters from you lot telling us what a great job we're doing here. And we seem to have been hitting the right note quite a lot recently, if the last few months' mailbag is anything to go by. The high quality of our girls has come in for particular praise, and we've been inundated with despatches from red-blooded males going ga-ga. The biggest pile of letters we've received of late concerns a certain nubile by the name of Lucy, who was our very worthy centrespread in Vol 15 No 4. And she has become the first subject in *Come Again*, a brand new feature which gives you another look at your favourite girls from previous issues. Every month, we'll also print the best letter about the 'winning' girl. Justin, from South Shields, gets us under way. In the meantime, keep the letters coming! – Ed.

Until recently, my favourite Lucy was Lucy Collins from *Brookside*, who – despite her somewhat suspect temperament – is still one sexy woman (sorry, darlin', but I can't remember your real name).

But Vol. 15 No 4 of Club International has changed all that . . . for the better. I'll be astonished – not to mention deliriously happy – if I see a better Lucy than your centrespread girl this year.

Even my girlfriend – I've tried to get her to change her name to Lucy by deed poll, but she's having none of it – registered her approval of Lucy's fab features; her reaction was one of admiration rather than jealousy, probably because she has me to lust after her and what woman could possibly ask for more than that? The fact that my last few carnal engagements with her have involved my shutting my eyes and pretending I'm tunnelling into Lucy is neither here nor there.

I reckon the only way I can return to normality, and start again to appreciate my girlfriend for her own, multiple attributes, is for you to publish an issue consisting entirely of horrors – thus helping me to banish Lucy from my mind and my groin.

Justin, South Shields

Tanya

Photographs by Robert Lorraine

LIFE WITH linz

LINZI DREW, one of the sexiest and most photographed models in the world, writes exclusively in Club International . . .

When I decided it was time to move out of wicked old London to pastures greener, I put my flat on the market with my local estate agents. I was very surprised with the enthusiastic response I received; people were coming round day and night to view.

I thought I'd have to pop round to the estate agents' to see those obviously fantastic photos the guy had taken of my various rooms. To my amazement, there was my flat in all its glory in the front window, not only displaying the charms of a maisonette in Kensington, but also three raunchy pictures of me!

You see, in my bathroom, I've a poster illustration of myself wearing just a wet T-shirt and a snorkel (very kinky!). Over my bed I've a nude calendar with only the angle of my hips covering my most important little place. And the *pièce de resistance* is a huge larger-than-life photo in my lounge. It shows me totally nude, but cropped at the pube line and holding a boob in each hand. It looks almost as if I'm offering *them* for sale as well!

As you know, I'm always open to offers, but I'd have to increase the asking price by quite a few grand . . .

Mind you, selling a property can be such a pain in the ass. The agents always call at the most inconvenient times, like when you're right in the middle of an early-morning screw, and they ring and enquire pleasantly if they can send someone round to view. Talk about rushing around getting your knickers in a knot, trying to make the place look like there hasn't been a mad sex orgy there the night before! Not that there has been, of course, it's just that I tend to have frilly knickers and undies strewn all over the place most of the time.

It's okay if, when the prospective buyers arrive, they seem vaguely interested. But I must admit – I do find it tedious when I've interrupted something enjoyable to be wasting my time with some twits who let you give them a grand tour and then pipe up loudly that it's far too small, large or noisy, etc!

Infuriating

I don't really know why I'm complaining, because I'm sure I'm just as annoying when I go house-hunting. But there's nothing as infuriating as estate agents who completely disregard all your requirements. You ask for a detached character cottage in the country, with three bedrooms, and what do they send you; thousands of leaflets on one-bedroomed flats in town!

Still, if you show enough people around, you get yourself an offer sooner or later. In London, it's generally sooner – what with the big boom in property at the moment. Unfortunately for little ol' me I've found a buyer, but still haven't found anywhere

that I'd like to buy. What with giving people a guided tour of my flat all the time, working (and a little play), I haven't had much time for looking for a new place for myself.

Luckily, fellas, I'm not homeless. I was waffling on about my problems to a cameraman whom I met on an audition. He offered to let me stay at this country cottage he owns in Suffolk: he had a flat in London and only used the cottage at occasional weekends when he wasn't working.

Well, Suffolk sounds like a hell of a long way out of town, but there's a pretty good train service from nearby Ipswich, and I really fancied a bit of this country life. So I asked about the rent. When John, the cameraman, just laughed and said maybe we could sort something out over dinner that night, I had an inclination he was hoping I'd pay him in kind. In fact, I was hoping for exactly the same thing, as he was really cute.

Tight Dress

We met again that evening at an Italian restaurant in Chelsea, where John showed me some photos of his thatched cottage. It looked great – and so did he, dressed as he was in a flashy silk suit. I was wearing a tight, yellow dress, cut very low at the back, with high-heeled white court shoes and a tiny lemon G-string. I thought that no knickers on our first date might be just a little forward; besides it's so much more fun when it comes to tearing them off!

After a light dinner, John invited me back to his place for a drink. I know it sounds corny, but we all use that same tired old excuse, don't we?

Anyway, after several brandies, we snuggled up on the sofa to watch a late-night comedy show. I got a terrible fit of the giggles – which were soon dispensed with when John began exploring my mouth with his tongue. I lay back on the couch, totally relaxed, as he started to massage my neck. He moved his hands gradually lower to run his fingers gently over my nipples which stuck out through my sheer dress.

He then slipped my dress off my shoulders and ran his fingertips between my breasts, before taking one into his mouth and sucking on my swollen nipple. His other hand moved down to my parted legs and he eased his fingers inside my tight panties. He began to

Photographs by Dave Antony

LIFE WITH Linzi

work on my clit, wanking it up and down as he moved over to my other nipple. He was biting and sucking much harder now, as he could feel my juices running.

I was having such a good time, I'd forgotten John was still fully-dressed. But that didn't seem to bother him too much, either, as he spread my legs very wide and lowered his head to my wet cunt. I wrapped my legs around his neck very tightly as he prepared to eat my pussy. Very soon I was hot and coming, and dying to be fucked.

In an instant, we whipped off John's clothes and I kneeled up against the arm of the sofa while John entered me from behind. I still hadn't had much of a look at his cock, but it felt delicious; small, perhaps, but it pumped in and out beautifully, exploding with hot spunk into my creamy pussy before we both collapsed on the sofa.

Lingering Kiss

After another quickie on the floor, I thought I'd better be off. John handed me the keys to his cottage and said: 'Maybe I'll pop up next weekend and help you get settled in?'

'Yeah, that sounds like fun,' I answered, then gave him one last long, lingering kiss before setting off for home.

I'm definitely looking forward to his visit. You know, you can't beat that kind of landlord!

Of course, things never go off that smoothly. I put a lot of my stuff into storage, said farewell to my flat a little tearfully, as I've had some great times there over the past four years, and set off to drive to my new temporary home in the country. It was a lovely, sunny day, and when I arrived there, the place looked like a little dream. Only one problem. What the fuck had I done with the keys?

Still, nobody is very security conscious in the country, so I managed to get in through a window. I bet the local villagers peering through their curtains thought their new neighbour was a little odd, disappearing head-first through an upstairs window!

I've settled into my country home quite nicely now, although I've been zooming up and down to London to work.

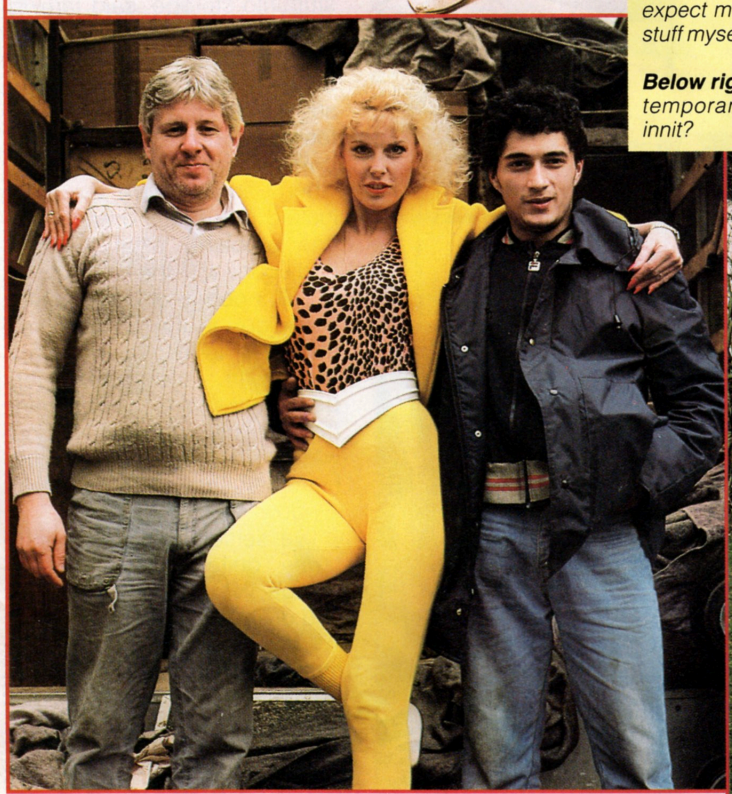
I did a great pop video recently for a band called Sweet (remember them?). My girlfriend Ruth and I had to jump on stage and strip off completely in the middle of one of the

LIFE WITH Linzi

Above: *Keys? What keys? Just as well I've climbed in and out of a few windows in my time . . .*

Below left: *Well, you didn't expect me to move all that stuff myself, did you?*

Below right: *This is it – my temporary home. Nice, innit?*



band's numbers while they did a live gig at the Marquee club. The song we had to be rude in was called *If I Don't Fuck Her, Somebody Else Will!* Very apt, wouldn't you say?

I was working on another video just lately which was also a bit interesting. They had this guy paint my torso in oils, and I had to rub my sticky body all over a canvas. I must say, it felt very nice, but the imprint I left behind reminded me of my little dog Junior's face!

I've been working in Birmingham as well, on the TV show *Spitting Image*. Did you spot me on it a few weeks back? It is actually one of my favourite shows, so I was delighted when two other models and myself were booked to do a take-off of the ZZ Top video. We had great fun snogging with the latex puppets – not to mention being privileged to be the first real people to appear on the show: apart from Denis Healey, that is!

I've also been jelly wrestling in Aberdeen. The girl who was my opponent was a strapping great lass from Leeds. Neither of us won, as some bright spark chucked the compère in halfway through the first round! Then it was just down to how fast we could get his shorts off. And with a bit of team work, we managed it! I tell you, cold jelly doesn't do a lot for a guy's libido!

Anyway, chaps – it's plenty of work and plenty of play, and I'm back at my country cottage getting ready for a visit from my lusty landlord. Don't worry, I'll tell you all about it next time. So, till next month, be good.

Linzi

FOR FRIENDSHIP, LOVE OR MARRIAGE

Starting Out — *Andrew and Jackie*

Andrew, a 22 year old computer engineer from Cornwall, found his job, though interesting, did not bring him into contact with women — indeed his life had become fairly monastic. Jackie, by her own admission on the other hand, had boys queueing to take her out. 'But they were either the wrong ones, they already had girlfriends, or they just mucked me around.' When Jackie's parents discovered she was contemplating joining Dateline they were pretty off-putting. 'What do you want to do that for? It's silly!' Undaunted, Jackie joined anyway! After a telephone call to introduce himself, Andrew said he would pick Jackie up from her home the following Sunday. 'Come in' invited Jackie, and proceeded to introduce him to her mother, her father (hiding in the front room behind a newspaper), her sister, her aunty, her two cousins, and the family dog! A thorough vetting! Within six weeks Andrew felt Jackie was a girl he could settle down with, but didn't voice his feelings for fear of frightening her off. He had also managed to conquer his loathing of discos to some extent, knowing that Jackie liked to dance. It was only fair after all — 'She had to put up with my collecting fossils and going out at night with my telescope to look at the stars!' However, they are now engaged. 'I know I'm young', said Jackie 'but Andrew is the one and I don't want to lose him, and my parents think he's the best thing since sliced bread.' For Andrew, the proof that joining Dateline is the best thing he's ever done, is simply 'Jackie, who is going to be my wife next year.'

New Beginnings — *Judith and Bob*

Long hours as a driver for a Duke and lack of opportunity to meet members of the opposite sex, meant that Bob, a 37 year old divorcee was pretty fed up with his social life. He decided to join Dateline, as he was pretty certain he wasn't going to have the luck to meet someone special any other way! The very first name on his list was that of Judith, a 35 year old medical secretary from Bury. He wrote to her, little expecting he was to meet someone absolutely right for him on the first attempt. But that was how it turned out! Judith had met about half a dozen men through Dateline before meeting Bob; no one special but 'all pleasant and at least not married, as most of the people I had been meeting before had been.' When she got Bob's letter she thought he sounded so very, very nice she couldn't wait to ring him. They liked each other straight away, and within three or four meetings realised they had something special. 'Basically Bob's kind,' explained Judith. 'We got on so well together, I like his children and get on well with his mother and family.' They plan to marry later this year. As Judith says 'It is wonderful. My life has changed so much.' A new job for Bob, a new home; and new beginnings for a very happy couple.

20 years of Dateline experience helps guarantee your success

Finding Love... the 'Lasting Kind'

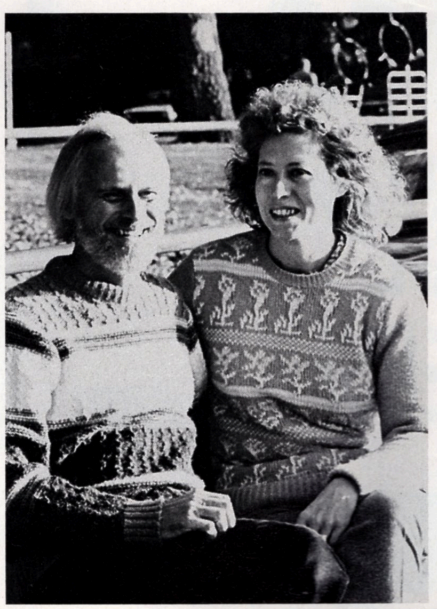
Lots of friends, an interesting job, a busy social life — but where, oh where, is that someone special with whom you want to share your life?

Dateline has been the means of introducing many hundreds of thousands of people of all ages, from all over the country. The difficulties of meeting people are not confined to any particular locality, background or occupation, but Dateline membership has proved to be a successful, optimistic and positive solution to a universal problem.

Dateline is the largest computer dating agency in the world, and because we have more members, we simply have more people from whom to select your most compatible partners. Based on 20 YEARS EXPERIENCE, and a justifiable pride in our professional, reliable and confidential service, Dateline simply provides VALUE FOR MONEY. We care that your Dateline membership is successful, whether it's friendship, love or marriage you are seeking, so our Dateline system is geared to your individual requirements. And Dateline is successful! It does work! The many thousands of happy couples from all over the country who have met through Dateline, are our testimony to the fact that love often needs the help of a caring, efficient and successful service like Dateline.

Fourteen Years On — *Cindy and Tony*

Cindy and Tony met through Dateline way back in 1970 and have now celebrated fourteen years of 'computer matched marriage'. Cindy, at the time, was a 28 year old P.A. with a small son. She was fed up with 'getting involved with men I shouldn't'. Tony was a 33 year old electronics engineer who had just ended a close relationship and wanted to get back into the swing of things. When they met through Dateline they found they had so much in common, but although they saw each other for five months, they didn't really get close because of Tony's attachment to his former girlfriend. However, many months after they had separated, Tony wrote to Cindy asking to see her. She thought he 'had a cheek', but agreed to meet him, and within a few weeks they were in love. They married in 1972 and have never hidden that they met through Dateline. 'It may sound unromantic, but it is logical — and it works!' At least you know the people you meet are in the market for a relationship — and that you have things in common.' For Cindy and Tony joining Dateline was the recipe for 'love - the lasting kind.'



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Dateline

Letters to Linzi

Dear Linzi,
I was interested to read that you do kissograms. I think if my mates got me a kissogram on my birthday or something, and it was you who came up to me, I'd either faint or die – depending on how much I'd had to drink.

But if I did manage somehow to stay conscious, you'd probably have been and gone before I finally managed to convince myself it was really you. Seeing you in your high heels, basque, stocking and suspenders in the magazine is a big enough turn-on, but in the flesh . . . ?

I fantasize about you coming up to me in the pub, throwing your arms around me and deep-throating me for several minutes with your knee positioned in my groin. Then I follow you into your changing room and you get me to guide my throbbing cock into your fanny. I pummel away like mad until we both orgasm at the same time.

What a birthday present that would be! *Carl, Castleford*
I presume, Carl, that when you say you'd 'either faint or die', it's intended as a compliment!

I enjoy my kissograms, but I must say I don't usually go quite as far as in your fantasy. Having said that, though, I do *live up to my name and make sure the clients know they've been in a kiss!*

Dear Linzi,
The other week, I happened across Vol 15 No 2 of Club International. I rushed home and turned to page 14, expecting to see you getting up to all your usual naughty exploits.

But, I must say, I wasn't prepared for what met my gaze. For not only did I see you covered in mud and then pouring milk over your breasts – giving your sweet, furry pussy a drink in the process – but I was also treated to the sight of you wearing the most fantastic pair of sexy, skin-hugging denim shorts. How do you get into them? And does it take a good, stiff horn – I mean a *shoe* horn, of course – to get you out of them at night?

I was fascinated by the way the denim clung so tightly to the cheeks of your gorgeous bum. The moment I saw that picture of you on page 18, with you looking back over your shoulder, my cock sprang into life, filling with blood and threatening to burst its way out of my underpants. Fortunately, I was able to take matters in hand, and I managed to alleviate the problem.

To go further back – to Vol 15 No 1 – you were to be seen cavorting about on the rugby field wearing full kit, which included another pair of very tight shorts. My dream would be to get you into one of those large baths you find at rugby and football clubs, then we would sit there drinking chilled vintage champagne.

I would then dry you and massage you with perfumed oil. Finally I would bend you over the treatment bench and make love to you from the rear while my hands played with your oil-covered breasts.

What an excellent year it's been so far for seeing you on television. We've had *The Bill*, *Hold The Back Page*, *Copy Cats*, *Surprise, Surprise* and *Lytton's Diary*. God, there was even a picture of you in *TV Times*.

Going back to *The Bill*, I was slightly disappointed you didn't use a policeman's truncheon during your routine!

Graham, London E10
Glad you like my shorts, Graham. The denim ones used to be a very tight pair of jeans that I took the scissors to, and wriggling in and out of them isn't too much of a problem. As for using a truncheon on The Bill *– c'mon, now! It's a wonder Thames TV went so far as to show a pair of boobs!*

Dear Linzi,
When I was on holiday in Sussex, I met this really nice girl who was living in the same hotel.

On my first day at the hotel, I was really tired and slept for the whole day. At night, I went to the bar and ordered a drink. Before long, this girl arrived and sat on the chair next to me. Seizing the opportunity, I asked if she would like a drink and she accepted. We spent a very pleasant evening just chatting. I arranged to meet her the next evening for dinner.

After a really nice meal, we went upstairs to her room. She gave me a drink, and took one herself.

A bit later, she showed me a photograph and asked if I knew who it was of. I truthfully said I didn't. She then told me the girl in the picture was Linzi Drew, of Club International fame (it wasn't a nude photograph, though). I was perplexed, and had to admit I didn't know what she was getting at.

She asked me to go over to the table and look at the magazines in the folder. I opened the folder and saw naked women – lots of them. I didn't know what to say or do, so I sat on the bed with my feet up and started to read through the magazines.

Of course, there were many beautiful pictures of you. Before long, my cock was getting larger and larger and there was a noticeable bulge forming. Carol was watching me with great interest.

Without saying anything, she started to take her clothes off. When she was nude, she got on the bed and started to kiss me and unbutton my shirt. I fondled her gorgeous, big tits. She must have liked it even more when I started to suck them, because she held them up for me.

She then put her hand on my zip and undid it. She tugged at my underpants and my prick popped out into her hand. She told me it was warm and juicy, and began to wank it. When I told her I was about to come, she took my cock into her mouth and swallowed the lot.

As she licked the last drops of spunk from me, I moved position so I could get my fingers into her warm, saucy cunt. She kept on licking me, and, before long, I felt life beginning to stir in my loins again. I put my fingers deeper into her and she called out. This didn't make me stop, though. Soon, she started orgasming. Her cunt juices trickled down my fingers.

She then took my prick out of her mouth, and I took my fingers from her cunt. I moved on top of her, spread her thighs apart and eased my hard-again prick into her cunt.

Her pussy was too tight for my big cock, so I put my fingers back in her and tried to make it bigger. This did the trick – I pushed my prick in all the way this time. She was groaning and breathing heavily.

I fucked her for about half an hour, then thought she'd probably had enough. I took my prick out. I sat on her chest an started wanking. I soon spunked all over her hair.

I must say, Linzi, you are very beautiful and sexy. I'd like you to do what Carol did to me, and vice versa.

Dick, West Bromwich
Carol sounds like hot stuff to me – you landed on your feet there, my son.

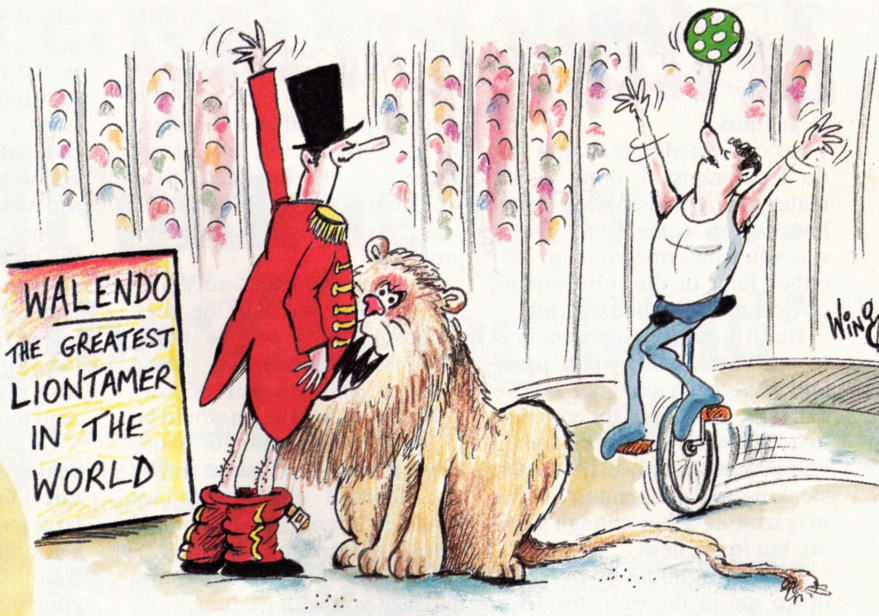
Dear Linzi,
My husband adores the look of your cunt. He says he'd love to fuck you because your pussy looks like it would be a tight one which could really clamp on to a man's pumping prick and milk it dry.

I have a very large cunt. I always thought it was because I've done a fair bit of screwing in my life – call it wear and tear if you like. But, on the other hand, you've had your fair share of big cocks if what you say is true, so how do you keep it so tight-looking and pretty? Do you think it's just to do with how you're built?

By the way, my husband would love to have a threesome with you and me, and I agree with him. *Mary, Sheffield*
I agree with him, too, Mary. And yes, I do think the size of a girl's pussy depends on how she's built, although some girls' ones don't seem to be able to live up to the rigours of big cocks as well as others. Thankfully, I'm just one of the lucky ones!

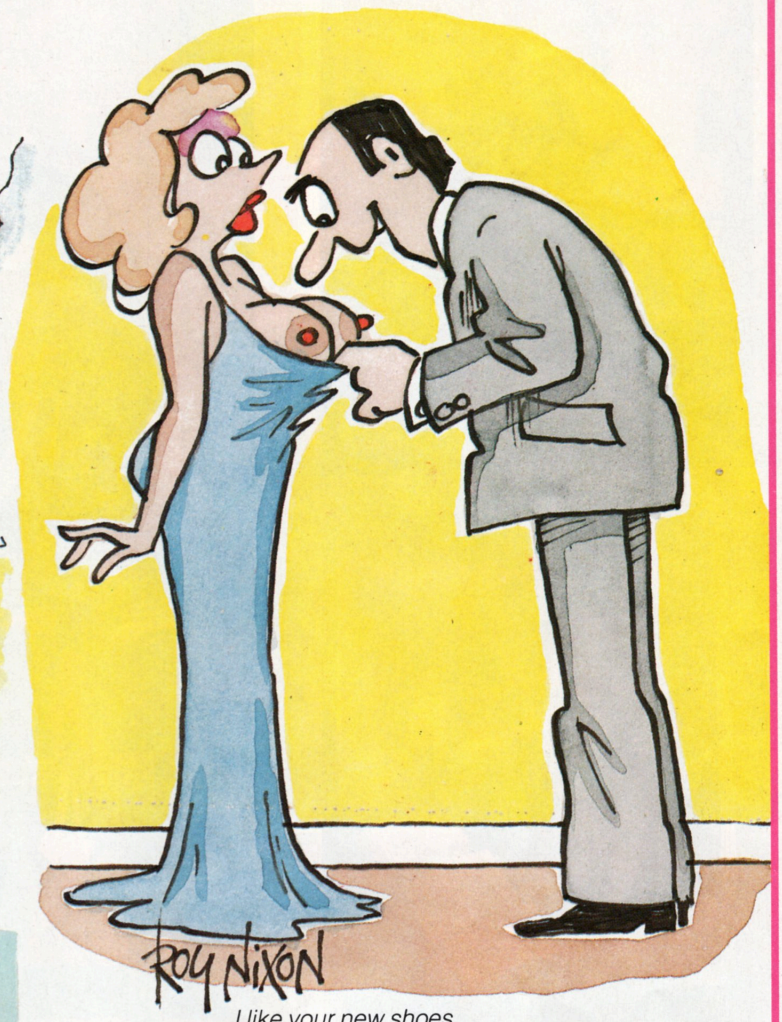
Listen, lads; I love sending you signed piccies of Yours Truly, but demand, as they say, is proving to be overwhelming. So, from now on, any requests for pictures *must* be accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope (at least 10″×8″). This means I'll be able to send them off much quicker, so it's good news for everybody!

SKETCH CLUB



Police? There's been a break-in at 15 Brook Avenue . . . For God's sake hurry!

Look at the size of this, then – frightening, isn't it?



I like your new shoes

I'm getting sick and tired of you and your bloody sex aids, Stanley

I said nothing about borrowing money – I simply asked if I could touch you for a few quid

LAURAINE

Photos by Paul Diamond

club Portrait

'They wanted a diary of my sex life, and I didn't have one then: how could I write about sex when I was still a virgin...?'

Tym Manley talks to Debee Ashby

'It sounds like Hell!' I said. It comes over as a kind of shriek on the tape, as if someone had been describing life in a Russian labour camp.

But it was only Debee Ashby discussing her time as the Sunday newspapers' favourite celebrity model: you know, the champagne-swilling, night-clubbing, low neckline-swinging pics in the paper bringing that GLAMOROUS life we're all supposed to envy.

'It's all one big hype!' I shrieked another time. 'Yep!' said Debee.

But she loved her two years as the focus of this glamour hype, and she's keen for more of the same. Maybe I'm just jealous. Just because I haven't got the tits for it.

Mind you, about nine months ago, she did become very depressed about the whole thing, wondering why every little thing she did and said should be so *important* to everyone; why she was the only one in the disco who no one asked to dance; why the nice-looking blokes never approached her and the men who did were the sort of creep who wanted to build themselves up by putting her down (beginning to sound like Hell, isn't it?).

Worst of all, she knew it was making her grow up too fast.

Debee was only 16 when her appearance in *Men Only* got her expelled from school and made her the darling of the tabloids. She is only 18 now, but she thinks she looks older.

'I get mistaken for 23 sometimes. I could kill them!' And there's no doubt that she does look older than the open-faced teenager who first bust the hearts of Tabloid Land wide open with her easy personality (and big boobs).

But it's not so much the lady herself, it's the star packaging. She's a professional model and personality, she's careful about the way she looks, what she says. This is a girl who's trying to *be* her own image. Trying to be something she isn't.

Outside, there's a touch of the TV presenter, the Angela Rippon. Inside, we have 18-year-old Debee, who wanted to be a footballer and has the legs for it (she says that, not me).

Big Boobs

'It all sounds a bit of a bust to me!' I said, another time.

'Is that supposed to be a pun?' asks Debee, who must have heard every joke about big boobs that there is.

It has probably become pretty clear to you by now that I have a down on the synthetic glamour projected by Fleet Street, and – let it be said – by men's magazines, too.

I have been too close to it from the other side of the fence and I know just how cynically journalists manipulate celebrities. Besides, being recognized everywhere; being at parties, night clubs and promotions every night; having photographers shin up my drainpipe to get a pic of my plonker – these things attract me as a nunnery attracts a nympho.

Of course, I know that many people *love* all this. They enjoy reading about it and want nothing better than to join in the celebrity race. Good luck to them, I say. They're mad, but good luck to them.

And Debee has enjoyed most of it. She hated school – it got her out of school (and gave her a chance to get back at her old tormentors). There's another thing:

What would you be doing now if it hadn't happened?

'I'd be at some boring college and playing truant from it, I think.'

That's the other thing – it can bring opportunities that otherwise would not have occurred. What you do with those opportunities is down to you, and whether you have real talent.

Celebrity

Because there are two types of celebrity. There are the ones who become famous through their talent. They have their work to do, they usually have plenty of money. They like, of course, to keep their image high in the public eye, but they haven't much time, or much inclination and they don't much like being bossed around by the media – especially the tabloids, which use people like others use lavatory paper.

The other sort of celebrity is the personality girl with the big boobs whom the Press creates. She has the time to be just where they want her to be and she depends on them for her fame and thus her money. Her talents are her face, her figure and her personality: no more, no less. She is made a celebrity because the Press needs celebrities who can be glamorous to order.

Debee Ashby became one of these last. Almost entirely by accident.

How did your celebrity bit begin?

'The first I knew about it was in the headmaster's study at school. It was at the end of 1983.'

A posh school?

'Yes, quite posh – King Henry VIII School, Coventry. They called me up and told me they were sending me home. I asked why and the headmaster just flung this copy of *Men Only* down on the table. I thought somebody must have planted it in my bag or something. Then he opened it up and I was in it, nude! I almost fainted.

'Then I went home and couldn't stop

laughing. That was it.'

You had no idea you were in Men Only*?*

'No. And I certainly didn't want to be in it: not nude, anyway.'

You didn't want to be a model?

'I think if anyone had told me I was going to be a model I would have burst out laughing. I was always lounging around in jeans and tracksuits and that sort of thing. No, my ambition was to be a footballer. And I certainly have the legs for it.'

So how come?

'I was contacted by a photographer in Coventry and my mum encouraged me to have a go. I just did it for a laugh. I only wanted to do topless.

'But the photographer took a picture of me nude as I came out of the shower. I was silly, really. I should have had my knickers on, but I didn't think about it. You can see I didn't know it was being taken, because I had mascara running down my face – everything.

'He sent it to *Men Only*. I didn't know he was doing that and it was as big a shock to me as it was to the headmaster. Of course, the school would never believe I didn't know.'

There were some pictures of you and your mum together. Was she a model?

'No. We just asked that photographer to do them for my dad. He wanted topless pics of both of us while my mum could still do it. She's really attractive.

Kicked Out

'Again, the first we knew of them being sold was when we saw the magazine. Mum was more upset than I was.'

You were cross?

'Upset. I don't regret anything, because I wouldn't be where I am now if he hadn't taken them. But I was upset at the time.'

Then you were expelled from school.

'Yes, I loved getting kicked out! And that's when the Press started to take an interest. In fact, it was the *Sunday People* that rang up the school and told them I was in *Men Only*.'

Your local paper had a field day.

'That's right. We went down to the Coventry *Evening Telegraph's* office, expecting a little story at the back. I'd never been in the paper before, except for athletics, so I had no idea what a fuss they would make. When we got there, it was all over the place on billboards. DEBEE BARES ALL! I said to my dad: "*You'll* have to get one – I can't".

'When he came back, he thought I was crying because I was hysterical, but I was laughing. I couldn't believe it.

'The really crazy thing was it was all over the front page. And that was the day Harrods had that nasty bombing. They thought a bare Debee was a bigger bomb than Harrods had. Ridiculous, really.'

You continued to appear in Men Only*?*

'Yes. After the first set, they wanted me on a year's contract to do topless sets and write a diary. After the year, they wanted me to do a nude set.

Topless Sets

'Well, I wouldn't go nude, but they still wanted the topless sets. So, while the contract was being discussed, another photographer took a set of pictures of me.

'And I was a bit stupid. He took me in knickers that went see-through when the flash went off. We didn't realize that (I didn't, and neither did my mum and dad – who were with me when it was done at our home).

'When we saw them, we said not to use them, because they were horrible. But he put them into the magazine and the next thing I knew they were on sale. They're still using them. There was one in last February's issue!'

And you wrote the diary?

'Well, sort of. It was difficult, because they wanted a diary of my sex life, and I didn't have one then: how could I write about sex when I was still a virgin?

'I wasn't innocent, of course, but I hadn't played around. They'd keep on asking me these questions and I'd pretend I knew what they meant. Then I'd go home and say: "Mum, what does this mean?" And she'd have to tell me in detail.

'Everything I wrote, they wanted a bit saucier so I thought: *They might as well write it for me if that's the way they want it.*

'It only lasted a couple of months.'

There's a strange morality in Fleet Street that says if you show your boobs, that's OK, you can be a star. But if you show the rest of you – about a G-string's amount of the rest of you – then that's terrible. Is that something you believe, too?

'No. I don't care what other people say, but I don't like to go nude because I . . . people will probably think it's stupid. "Oh, she'll show her tits, why doesn't she show everything else?" they'll think . . . but it's just that I've got to have something that's mine and it's private.

'OK, millions of people can see the rest of me, but I prefer to keep *that* to myself. For myself and . . . I've only just begun to realize this lately with my boyfriend . . . I know that if *he* was a model, I wouldn't want him to go nude, either.

'You need to have a little bit of yourself that you hold back.'

You don't feel that the topless-only model is somehow superior to the nude model?

'No, not at all. I don't disagree with you; the morality is a bit strange and maybe one day I *will* go nude. I wouldn't do the leg-over stuff where your knees are around your ears – that *is* personal, that is. I don't really agree with that. But I don't have anything against models who do.'

Of course, there is more money available

for the topless-only celebrity. Did you realize that at the beginning?

'No. I didn't think about the money, really. One week I was getting two pounds pocket money. The next week I was getting £500 a month. I thought: *Wow!*'

Did the papers guide you towards the celebrity style, where they could make best use of you?

'I don't know. Everyone uses everyone else in Fleet Street, don't they? You just have to learn about things and get street-wise. Basically, you have got to use them, too – without double-crossing anyone; you can use the papers to get publicity for yourself.'

And what does that do for you?

'You become a bigger name, become more of a celebrity and get more personal appearances and more money.'

The bulk of the money comes from personal appearances?

'That's how it works. The papers pay if you do picture sets for them. The rest is from opening things, going to night clubs, giving out your pictures, talking to people, having pics taken with them, acting as a DJ. That sort of thing.'

It pays well?

'Yes, because you get paid on the night and it's only a couple of hours. Besides, you're having a few drinks and a good time – which is what you'd be doing, anyway. It's great; you get invited everywhere.'

Price Of Fame

So it's well worth the papers' while to find a model they can make into a celebrity. Because, once everyone knows you'll get into the papers no matter what you do, you're valuable for any sort of publicity. The clubs get a mention, the papers get a free story and it goes round and round. The whole thing's a complete hype, isn't it?

'Yeah. But it's only fun and no one loses by it. It's just entertainment.'

But you have to pay the price of fame. You were very famous while you were very young on the strength of a pretty face and a nice pair of boobs. Did you like being famous?

'When it first happened, I didn't think about it. Just the odd little thing made me realize it. Like, if I went down Oxford Circus and someone shouted out my name, I'd think: *Coo, how did he know me?*

'I couldn't understand it, really. I still can't. For two years, when I was really in the thick of it, I didn't know what was going on.'

It didn't go to your head?

'No, because I didn't think about it. I went on just the same. If somebody recognized me, I didn't think: *Oh, I'm a star.* I thought: *Ey-up, he's been reading some dirty magazine.*'

But it did hit you in the end?

'About nine months ago. I started getting annoyed that everything I said or did went in the papers. And it does go into your personal life, which is irritating. But, looking back, there are definitely more advantages than disadvantages.'

When it did come home to you that you were a celebrity, what did you think? That it was great? Or that you wish you hadn't done that?

'At that time, I was very depressed. I just went down.

'I'd been going through adolescence and I had the same problems all adolescents have – leaving school, exams and all that – and at the same time I was well-known and had to grow up very quickly. It's very hard to cope with, that is, and it hit me later on.'

Were you clinically depressed?

'I was fairly bad. I had to keep going to see a doctor. I was just really down.

'Maybe it was because I couldn't cope with going out. You know; the strain of always looking great whenever you go anywhere. I don't do that so much now; if I want to wear a tracksuit, I wear a tracksuit.'

Depressed

Were you feeling it was a bit silly being famous on account of your tits?

'I hated it at first because I couldn't meet any real friends. If I was at a disco with a bunch of friends, I was always the one who wasn't asked to dance. Or if I was, the bloke would go burbling on like: "Oh, it's really great! I can't believe I'm really talking to you".

'It's not very nice, that, really.'

Suddenly you are your image and not yourself any more?

'Yep.'

Was that what made you depressed? Or was it that you weren't appearing in the papers so much after two years? It seemed as though you had been the darling of Fleet Street and suddenly they dropped you like a stone.

'No, it wasn't that way round. I was at the height of my popularity when I started feeling depressed. I fizzled out in the Press because I decided not to go out so much. I didn't go to the parties, so there weren't any pictures.'

You decided you didn't want to be in the news so much because you were fed up?

'I wasn't so much fed up, I just couldn't understand why, if I went to a night club and stuck my tongue out at somebody, everyone had to know about it.'

You wanted privacy?

'I wanted to grow up. I was thrown into it at 16 and I wasn't properly grown up. I had to grow up too quickly, so I wanted to slow it down – get a chance to know my own mind.

'What really brought it home to me was a lot of people, not having seen me for some time, would say: "Oh, much older now".

'I get taken for 23 sometimes. I could hit them!'

So what is the worst thing about being a celebrity?

'I lost a lot of friends. People I thought

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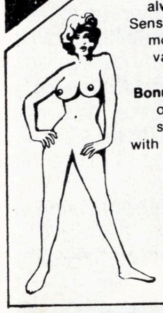

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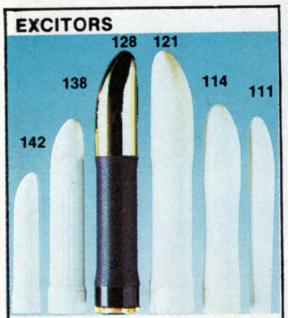

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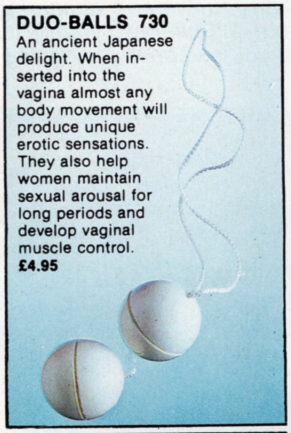

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were friends turned out not to be – so perhaps it wasn't a bad thing, really. But I like a lot of friends that I can trust and you do lose them.'

Why?

'Basically because your lifestyle is so different. They can't cope with it, I think. I'm not world-famous or anything like that, but I still can't go to a hotel without everyone knowing all about me. It scares your friends away.'

It can't do much for your love life either.

'It doesn't. I haven't really had one: not until recently, with the boyfriend I have now. And *he* only spoke to me because he didn't know who I was! He works in a night club. During the week after we met, everyone told him who I was and he says he wouldn't have spoken to me the next week because of it. But I threw myself at him. Not literally, but you see how it is. He thought I'd be full of . . .'

Bullshit?

'I wasn't going to say that, but yes. I split with the boyfriend I had when I was 16 because of the publicity. He just couldn't accept that it was *me* in the papers. He wouldn't look at the Press; he just tried to ignore it. And I was working all the time, so we fizzled out.'

But you must have been approached by hundreds of men, being a glamorous celebrity?

'No, not so much as I used to be when I was 15! If I do get approached, it's by the pests. If it's a really good-looking bloke, he might stare all night, but he won't approach me.'

You've put yourself beyond reach – beyond the glamour pale. Why do you think nice boys won't talk to you?

'I don't know. People say it's because they're scared of me – which is stupid. No one should be afraid of me.'

How do you handle it?

I've built up my confidence enough so that if I see someone who's obviously telling me he finds me attractive, I'll go over and say hello – just to chat in a friendly way. I don't mean to pick them up, because I don't do that sort of thing; just to be *friendly*. I think people should be a lot friendlier in this world, really.'

Rushing Around

When you say you get approached by pests, what do you mean?

'I don't mean really horrible creeps; just people who look down on me because they think it looks big to put me down.

'They come up to me and say: "Coo, what do you think you're doing here, you stupid tart?" and that sort of thing. It's just showing off, because if I turned round and said: "It's a pity you feel like that, because I really fancy you", they'd say: "Oh, well, then, in that case . . ."

It sounds like Hell! Why does anyone want to become a celebrity?

'I can't think. I enjoy it myself, but if anyone comes up to me and says they'd like to be famous, I say: "Are you sure?"

'It's great sometimes, and, obviously, I wouldn't want to do anything else. But sometimes I get depressed about it. Celebrities get depressed like everyone else.'

Well, I hope you got a lot of money to make up for the rough bits.

'Well, more than the average for my age . . . no, I'm not going to tell you how much.'

I hope 'more than average' is a massive understatement.

'Well, it wasn't so bad. But I do spend more than other people. I'm always rushing around the country to different clubs. And I spend a lot giving my friends a good time.'

Have you got any left?

'About 52p. No, a bit more than that. But the tax people caught up with me after two years, and they've really done me.'

Do you live in a Dynasty-set mansion?

'No, I still live with my parents.'

Have you a flash car?

'I don't drive.'

How about personal aeroplanes?

'I've got three – toy ones.'

What have you got to show for those two years?

'I've had a good time and I've got lots of clothes. I've travelled a lot.'

Jet-setting abroad?

'No. The last few years, no one has taken models abroad much; it's too expensive. I've been to Marbella. And to America, although that was with a friend – with Tony Curtis.'

You're strictly a British celebrity.

'I hear that I'm bigger in Jamaica and Australia than I am here. But I haven't been to find out.'

When you went to stay with Tony Curtis, the Press were pretty nasty about it.

'You get some good publicity and some bad.'

You know, it sounds an awful life to me. You must be a real exhibitionist to enjoy it. Are you, in fact?

'I'm not – I'm quite shy. The most embarrassing thing that happened to me was when I was in Newcastle. I thought no one would know me up there. It was hot, so I just had a bikini top on and shorts. And I popped out of my top without noticing!

'Then I heard someone call my name. He was with a whole crowd of footballers. I was really embarrassed then.'

So you're not an exhibitionist?

'No, I couldn't do that, *no*! I wouldn't flash my boobs, as I get too shy.'

It sounds as if you became a topless model by mistake.

'Oh, I'm not shy showing my boobs for the cameras or for business, but it takes a long time for me to get up courage to even let my boyfriends see them. No way! They're mine!!

'I even wear a T-shirt in bed.'

A Men Only *T-shirt?*

'No. They got thrown away!'

What are you hoping to do in the future?

'Well, either I'll go on modelling and perhaps start my own agency . . . or . . .'

You want more of the same!

'I do enjoy it, really! I want to get back in the Press this year; do some very silly things and start treating it as a career. Or I might start a beauty shop with a partner and go into that as a career – I'm very career-orientated. Or I might fall in love, settle down and have kids. I don't know yet. Whatever makes me happy.'

So we'll see you all over the papers again?

'I hope so. I'm too much of an extrovert to want to be out of the news for long. And there's all the fun things you get asked to do. Like tonight – I'm going to an Alpine night in my home town. They want me to judge a bobble hat competition . . . should be a laugh.'

Hmmm.

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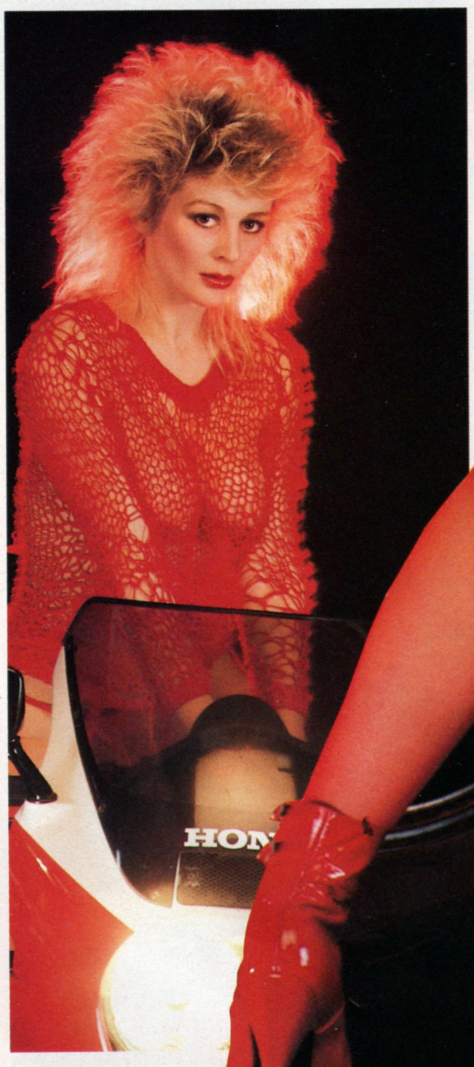

VF1000R
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CAM GEAR DRIVE

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BED, BOOK AN

The only man who gets paid for lying flat on his back most of the time, JIMMY DOYLE, somehow manages to resist the attentions of curvaceous Cathy long enough to give us the lowdown on what's happening on the book and video front. He tells us a bit about Cathy, too . . .

Readers, it's time to acknowledge Cathy's presence. She's beside me now, purring like a Persian and quite pleasantly full of cheese soufflé, something that rose slowly in my oven for her arrival three hours ago. She just breezed in, parading this fabulous ermine coat which fell off her shoulders almost immediately to reveal a low-cut crimson blouse, doing natural justice to that large and highly palatable pair of breasts underneath. They don't need support, as it happens. They merely *sound* as if they do. Never in my lifetime have I seen or felt structures their equal. Then she drifted straight and unreproachfully into my arms, smelling wildly of *Poison*, a scent that really curls up my toes, as it's supposed to.

'I'm in the mood for romance, James,' she whispered in my right ear, completing the sensory havoc.

'Then that is what you shall have,' I told her, half-truthfully. In fact, I was feeling kind of deranged. Cathy, you see, keeps all her strong appetites – food, sex and philanthropy – safely ensconsed within a vast, sentimental cube, of which her body is only the sentry. Squeeze one of her tits without permission, and she'd knock you colder than Finnegan. Strum a few major chords under her third-floor balcony window, and her soul breaks out into a kind of sex-sweat that takes *days* to put under control.

Bogart and Bacall – they both knew how to whistle

Firecrackers

'How slow can you take your time, kid?' she asked me, unbuttoning that blouse. Firecrackers went off quietly behind my eyeballs.

'There's a lot to get through.'

'That's the way I like it, the longer the better. You haven't had me for months. What's this one about?' She picked up the book, waving it at me.

'Banking. It's about banking.'

'Banking?'

'That's right. With a B. Shall we read it?'

We settled. *Funny Money* was the title, and the author wasn't exaggerating. The money was hilarious, like opening a numbered Swiss account with one week's Monopoly winnings. It was the story of a bank all right, a dull-sweet little shopping-centre bank in Oklahoma City, with two mighty friendly men in charge, both in speculation hyperdrive due to the '70s oil-boom and deep-gas mania, lending sums that Cathy and I are too numb with shock to mention here to any lunatic who could keep his face straight for five consecutive seconds and didn't try to eat his shoelaces during the first interview. This was all in the ten years it took for the price of an oil barrel to jump all the way from three dollars to 39.

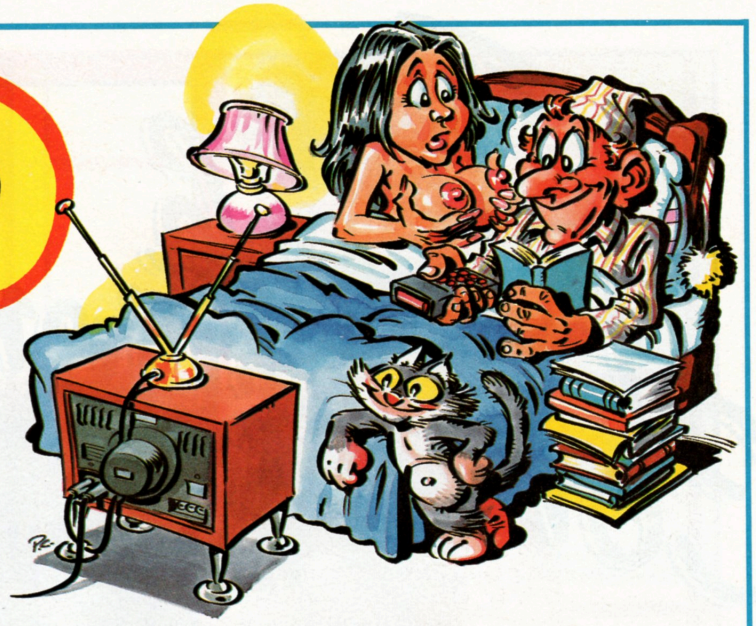
Libido Value

Cathy whistled. Her idea of a large sum of money comes in an old suitcase that gets tipped over a nude couple lying on a bed, crushing high and low denominations against their bodies for pure libido value. I'm with her. I'd like my salary to arrive like that.

'What's the name of this place?' she asked.

'The Penn Square Bank, but forget it, Cathy. They're closed for business. They've played their last

VIDEO



elegant hunch.'

And that's a fact, so save your small deposits for the book. You'll love it. Those people nearly outsmarted reality. It'll make you squirm.

A Dark Dream

On a cooler note, we flipped through two large-format numbers, with plenty in the way of illustration. First, *All-Time Box-Office Hits*, with Bogart kissing Bacall, the von Trapp's yodelling governess setting fire to the hills again, arcade laser-duels between Skywalker and D. Vader, or the evacuation of Atlanta, Georgia, with Vivien Leigh like a dark dream on a wagon pulled by horses. Then, *The International Film Poster*, with its emphasis upon a conspiracy against the relaxation of any pair of eyes, artwork you don't turn away from easily, even if you have a beautiful woman lying next to you, radiating a lot of body heat and with nothing but a mild green cotton sheet between you and the rest of her.

You place books like these two on easy-to-reach shelves for the wandering guests in your home to thumb through while you make long-distance calls, or trek out to the Victoria Wine store for something dry and smoky. Anyhow, we paused for refreshment. Cathy saw me carrying a whole stack of paperbacks over to the bed.

Kissable Mouths

'That's quite a handful. Who's the boy?'

'F. Scott Fitzgerald. Penguin have reissued all his major short stories in five volumes – *The Diamond As Big As The Ritz*, *The Crack-Up*, *The Pat Hobby Stories*, *Bernice Bobs Her Hair* and *The Lost Decade*. I haven't had a chance like this in years.'

'They mean a lot?'

I nodded. That's one way of putting it. Another is that Fitzgerald was a haunted, unhappy man who had flawless insight into the source of that unhappiness, then projected it in prose as the history of his time – the Jazz Age, he called it – and the name stuck. One minute it was really going places in a fast convertible, swigging from a hip flask in the company of lovely young hedonistic creatures with awfully kissable mouths. Then it was twisted wreckage with bills, pills, neat gin, insanity and a bowl of dust.

The decade was meant to end quickly for him and his wife, Zelda. 'We will just *have* to die when we're 30,' she wrote him. He agreed. To him, she was the heroine of all his stories, the one he married but nearly got away. For her, loving him was like pressing her nose against a mirror and looking right into herself. Yes, all the utensils of doom in the space of one relationship. As a short story writer, Fitzgerald has few equals. He was merciless, observing everything about love and women with searing accuracy, sparing himself least of all.

'I'm a sucker for that kind of love,' remarked Cathy, catching my eye. We could have fooled around there and then. She would have gone for it. But a deal's a deal.

Claws And Teeth

We read them. Once again, I found myself passing from one story to the next like a dreamer in a maze, too absorbed to figure out the exit and only slightly distracted by Cathy's long raven hair, which often spilled over the pages, darkening the text momentarily.

Were we able for Cain after that? We were. But it took us well into the third day. Cain's five great novels – *Mildred Pierce*, *The Butterfly*, *The Postman Always Rings Twice*, *Double Indemnity* and *Serenade* – should be familiar. Hell, I must have read them all a couple of times each, and seen the movies. Not for Cathy, though, these steamy, scheming adultery-and-murder plots. She's hot for sadness, not danger or sex with claws and teeth. She didn't turn away, mind you.

It was late that night when I switched on the recorder. Time for just one movie tonight, I thought. *The Mean Season*, it was, starring Kurt Russell and Mariel Hemingway. He's a jaded reporter and she teaches small children. They like playing spooky pranks on each other. He'll sneak up on her while she soaps herself in the shower, and she'll tap his shoulder from the back seat of the car when he thinks he's alone. Then a real psychopath starts phoning in to him at the newspaper, dropping next-victim hints. Those were little shocks I mentioned above. Prepare yourself for bigger ones later on, much bigger. Hire it.

Art And Sex

'Do we get any sex on this screen?' pouted Cathy. 'Or is this the shape of things to come?'

My reply was *Black Venus*. Now this is a semi-slick, Playboy-style art-and-sex movie, where they try to give explanations for why people go to bed together and then develop hang-ups. Things here focus on a moody, earnest sculptor who makes a statue of this Creole lady he is crazy about. She likes him, too, but they're poor so she turns tricks. This seems to unhinge him, so she quits (preferring love to fury) and he can't raise a gallop with anyone else. She falls in with richer folk who buy her fancy clothes and play with her cunt a lot. There's plenty of girl-on-girl action here, which doesn't faze Cathy the way it does Maisie. Oh, I nearly forgot, Mandy Rice-Davies is superbly wooden as a brothel madam.

Wobbling Furiously

'Wasn't she the girl who did for the Tory government?' asked Cathy.

'Not by herself. She had help.'

She needs it, too. Judging by the evidence of this film, she couldn't topple anything now, except maybe a milk bottle, after it had been drained by the cameraman. There's a lot of melodrama in *Black Venus*, along with the sex, as if Moll Flanders had dropped in through the skylight for tea, then thought better of it. So, for light relief, I slipped in Electric Blue's off-cut, entitled *Brabusters*, also called *Big Ones 2*. All of a sudden, Cathy and I were beamed down to the Double-D Centre of Physical Development, 'a famous complex dedicated to the perfection of the mammoth mammary'. This oily voice, like the recorded message on someone's answerphone trying to come on to you, asks if you viewers all enjoy 'a good wobble'. Then six or seven girls are all wobbling furiously. Cathy and I exchanged glances.

These wobblers wander aimlessly but toplessly around this luxury gymnasium, always on point duty. There's no plot, unless you throw in some phoney rivalry between two wobblers for a weedy lifeguard with a line in first aid I wouldn't recommend to anyone who wants to stay alive. So, it's mostly breasts, then, bouncing up and down to elevator music. Very lightweight, unless you're talking about the tits themselves.

'No substitute for the real thing, eh, Cathy?' I said, confronting the real things.

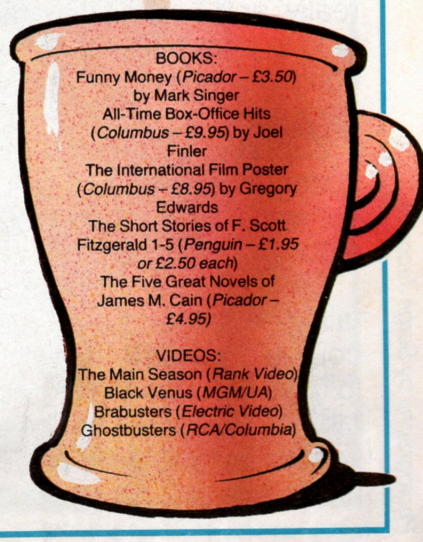
'I'm glad you said that, James. But I ought to warn you, I only wobble in private.'

And so, in private, we arrived at the other, much more amusing type of busters, the *Ghostbusters*. Now, if you don't know what this one is all about, then you can't be one of the odd billion or so who've queued round the block to see it on the big screen, followed by other millions who've set their sights on the cassette. The special effects are amazing. This is your opportunity to see a green blob eat a hotel hamburger, and a loony, wisecracking pie-faced leading man to replace John Belushi, now that he's wearing his hat and shades elsewhere.

Cathy didn't fancy a trip to the fridge in my flat that night, after what happened when Sigourney Weaver opened hers, although there's no risk of being 'slimed' in bed, unless your partner is seriously inept, or it's deliberate. We discussed it afterward. I said I wanted to run it again. Cathy said we'd waited long enough for some sex, but which bits did I like the best apart from hers. It was tough, but I reckoned Bill Murray in the mayor's office, and his stonefaced reply, 'Yes, this man has no dick.'

'Ah,' said Cathy, 'but you have. Correct me if I'm wrong.'

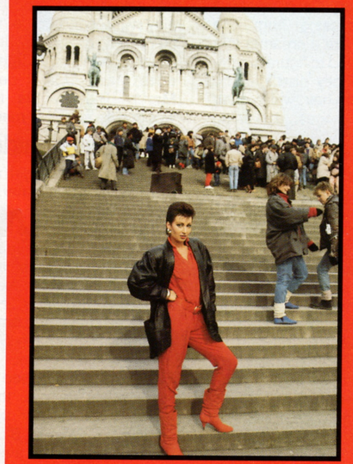
I was about to, only it disappeared inside Cathy, and then we both lost interest in the problem.



BOOKS:
Funny Money (*Picador – £3.50*) by Mark Singer
All-Time Box-Office Hits (*Columbus – £9.95*) by Joel Finler
The International Film Poster (*Columbus – £8.95*) by Gregory Edwards
The Short Stories of F. Scott Fitzgerald 1-5 (*Penguin – £1.95 or £2.50 each*)
The Five Great Novels of James M. Cain (*Picador – £4.95*)

VIDEOS:
The Main Season (*Rank Video*)
Black Venus (*MGM/UA*)
Brabusters (*Electric Video*)
Ghostbusters (*RCA/Columbia*)

The French Connection



We're pretty certain this is the first time we've ever featured a girl who can speak six different languages: in fact, we'd be interested to know if *any* magazine can lay claim to that feat.

For the record, Suzette's linguistic repertoire is as follows: German, Flemish, Dutch, English, Spanish and . . . oh, yes – French.

'My mother is a Flemish-speaking Belgian who married a Dutchman in Paris, where I was born. So I could speak three languages more or less fluently before I started school. While studying English at university, I met a Spanish boyfriend who used to whisper sweet things – in Spanish – in my ear. It was therefore in my best interests to learn it. Sometimes I used to shock him by what I would whisper to *him* . . .

'German? It's very like Dutch, really, and it didn't take me too long to pick it up. I suppose you could say I have an ear for languages.'

Suppose we could. And Suzette's prowess has served her well in her travels around the globe.

'I was in a bar in Hamburg talking to a friend – in French, of course. Two German boys next to us started talking to each other in German. "Which one do you fancy?" "The blonde has a nice mouth". "The one with the short hair looks randy".

'You should have seen the look on their faces when I turned round and said, in perfect German: "Yes, and she knows how to *use* her mouth, too; and you're right – I *am* randy".'

We won't bore you with the details of what happened next, but suffice to say the girls didn't go back to their hotel that night.

Suzette, not surprisingly, makes a good living as a model in Paris, but she rather fancies trying her hand at translating, maybe at the EEC headquarters.

Should be a piece of cake for a girl who's obviously good at getting her tongue round things.

Photographs by Serge Jacques

club

HOORAY FOR HENRIETTA

The Misadventures of a Sloane Ranger. Edited by Nigel Buxton. Illustrated by Paul Cemmick

Charles Eaton-Squire is awoken by the sound of the labradors coughing up chunks of today's *Racing Post* at the foot of the bed. Brushing the sleep from his eyes, he observes his sleeping wife, her jutting breasts straining invitingly between the white Egyptian cotton sheets. He idly compares his own, pear-shaped profile, and decides for the seventh time this year to submit his world-weary hulk to a weight-training course at the local leisure centre. A good idea – but for those frightful gum-chewing oiks in their nylon tracksuits and fake Nikes . . .

'Oh my God!'

Sex Change

Charles rolls out of bed, to be reminded in the cool light of day that he is wearing stockings. One beige, one black, both laddered. The hairs on his corpulent belly snag uncomfortably on the clasps of his red satin garter belt, all but concealed between rolls of flab.

'What the f . . .'

Charles' mind is a complete blank as to his overnight sex change, though a sudden, stabbing pain between his ears provides a clue.

'Damn Pimms! I'd have been better off with paraffin.'

Henrietta peeks disdainfully from beneath the sheets at her portly husband, standing before the dressing table mirror and rolling his stockings down like some raddled brothel girl – the type they bring out of mothballs on busy Saturday nights.

'They don't do an awful lot for you, do they?'

'Oh, shut up – for God's sake, woman! It was your idea! I mean . . . wasn't it?'

Henrietta sits up in bed, her proud, pert breasts pleasingly high (considering her years) on her ribcage.

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HOORAY FOR HENRIETTA

'Absolutely not! You insisted on it! Precisely as you insisted on having me ride you bareback across the kitchen floor, holding on to your ears for dear life while you kept shouting: "We'll never make it round Tattenham Corner!" I mean, dammit all, Charles, supposing we'd woken Nanny?'

'Nanny?' repeats our Sloane slut's husband, caressing his purple, swollen earlobes. 'Beats me why we need one, now we've finally managed to get Little Jeremy into Eton.'

If ever there was a month in the social calendar to be seen to be in trim, it's June. With both Derbies, Royal Ascot, Wimbledon and Henley to contend with, no lady in command of her looks (and, like Henrietta Eaton-Squire, ever on the prowl for a bit of stray) wants to be seen on the arm of some boozy, loud-mouthed lardarse; £130,000 pa salary or not.

Yoga Exercises

Henrietta shudders at the sight of her husband's folds, slips into a pair of black silk panties, and commences yoga exercises beside the bed. Charles, as usual, finds a lame excuse to sit and watch his young wife's sinew-stretching contortions. He is particularly enamoured of the manoeuvre whereby she crosses her feet behind her neck, secretly fantasizing on the prospect of his svelte, 32-year-old spouse going down on herself – in much the same way as he fantasizes on those petite, Soviet bloc gymnasts you see on the telly, splitting their leotards as they attempt some new, crotch-straining routine on the crossbeam.

Flagrant Nudity

Charles Eaton-Squire is what is known in drinking circles as a dirty bastard.

'Charles! You're staring again!'

'Sorry, dahling.'

Charles' tumescence subsides at his wife's chastisement. Stepping into his moth-eaten old moleskins and frayed Tattersall check shirt, he grabs the remains of his newspaper and repairs to the Admiral Cod for early luncheon. On hearing the front door slam, Henrietta continues her contortions, this time minus her knickers. Contemplating her flagrant nudity in the mirror, she proceeds to dibble, desperate as she is for some new, donkey-dicked suitor to enter her life and her . . .

Henrietta Eaton-Squire is what is known in drinking circles as a dirty bitch.

Today, Charles finds he is unable to escape the reality of his appalling physical condition, even within the sanctuary of his local. For Chalkie Featherstonhaugh-Whyte and the boys are togged up in tracksuits, and even Good Old Bunty Forshaw swills his G & T running on the spot. Charles eyes his cohorts with deep suspicion – as well he might, were he to discover the source of their athletic zeal to be none other than his lady wife, whose masturbatory yoga sessions have become part and parcel of every Sloane Jogger's trail (an upturned milk crate outside Henrietta's bedroom window making an ideal viewing platform).

Charles buys a bottle of Pils (incongruous amidst a forest of Perrier bottles) and retrieves 'his' bar stool from a Chelsea pensioner forced to abandon it by the call of Nature. Grimly, he contemplates his growing bulk. With a mere five days to Founder's day at Eton, it really is now or never for our porcine pension fund manager to fitten up. For the past five years in succession, he's been beaten up by his old class bully on Agar's Plough in full view of family and friends, and frankly he's tired of squinting at the Epsom Derby through black eyes.

While Charles toils in the ring, Henrietta toils at home over a hot stove, over the kitchen sink, and the back of the Chesterfield, too . . .

Short Dresses

'By Christ, I'll flatten the bastard this year!' Charles explodes, alarming his mineral water-sipping cronies. 'A few days of sparring down the Old Kent Road should put me straight again. Whaddyou-think?'

Founder's Day has indeed proved a squirmer in the Eaton-Squires' social repartee, the unfortunate, low-achieving Little Jeremy having to suffer not just his father's pugilistic inaptitude, but his mother's improbably short dresses. Last year was particularly grim, what with Charles, already badly battered, being restrained by Little Jeremy's housemaster when endeavouring to break a Pimms bottle over his old adversary's skull, while Henrietta 'accidentally' strayed into the bus hired by Oxford's notorious Bullingdon Club, to be systematically and severely rogered by all (bar the driver). As the Queen of the Hermes headscarf set duly discovered, it's one thing to be rogered *en masse*, another to try and appear *not* to have been . . .

All of which doesn't explain why it always rains down the Old Kent Road.

'Errol, this 'ere is Mr Eaton-Squire. He might look like a flabby ole git but he's payin' yer wages so treat him nice. Your gum guard, guv – it goes in yer norf'n'sarf.'

While Charles toils in the ring (nobody, but nobody laughs at a toff who pays a jobbing spar £30 an hour), Henrietta toils at home, over a hot stove. Over the kitchen sink, and the back of the Chesterfield, too. For Trigger Rogers, the legendary pussy Hoover from Vancouver, has arrived on the morning

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HOORAY FOR HENRIETTA

flight, and our oversexed housewife is desperate to gauge the erotic effect of her new black leather suspender belt (sleazy for a Sloane, but JOLLY good fun) and black silk stockings, with a view to further experimentation on Founder's Day. Big Trigger assures Henrietta the effect is most fetching, and the spectacle of fresh (very) yogic contortions soon has him arising for a second coming.

'Trigger! You're staring again!'

'Betcha sweet ass I am!'

But Trigger and Henrietta have overlooked three vital facts in their indecent haste to be reunited: (1) Charles has been tutored by a former Commonwealth middleweight champion (2) for three consecutive evenings and (3) the gym closed early tonight, c/o vandalized loos. Charles, gumguard still in place, is miffed to find his usual parking place occupied by a rusted-out Fiat, and parks around the corner in the mews, where he notices (as if he could fail to) Trigger's banana yellow Maserati Merak, double-parked. Letting himself into his wisteria-clad freehold by the side door, Charles deposits his *Best of Rocky Marciano* video on the hatstand and creeps upstairs to catch the burly Canadian, trousers around his ankles, firmly embedded between his wife's buttocks, who bends over in front of him, touching her toes.

Errol's voice echoes in Charles' head: *Never lose your temper. Lead with your left. Stick and jab. Stick and jab. Left to the body, right to the jaw.*

Ghastly Grin

Trigger disengages himself from the startled Sloaness and turns to face her husband, with the fastest-diminishing hard-ón in the history of SW3. With an agility astonishing for a man of his girth, Charles effects an Ali shuffle across the Axminster, bares his gumguard in a studiedly ghastly grin, and – dispensing with the stick-and-jab – plants a left in the Canadian's gut and a searing uppercut under his chin, knocking him spark out. Henrietta cowers in the corner as Charles, fists aloft, acknowledges the cheers of an imaginary crowd.

'From now on, woman, if I want to watch your early morning yoga, I watch, dammit! Now, why don't we all go downstairs and crack open a bottle of XO. Poor feller looks like he could use a drink.'

'Charles! I never knew you had it in you!'

Henrietta effects her best Lady Di blush and looks coyly at Charles, eyelashes a-flutter.

'Sorry, diddums. Mummy's been a naughty girl . . .'

'Damn women!'

An hour later finds Henrietta, Charles and Trigger Rogers sitting naked on the sofa, watching *The Best of Rocky Marciano*. By tilting his head, the Canadian finds he is able to open his badly-bruised mouth wide enough for Henrietta to pour cognac in. The tape finishes, and Henrietta squeals with delight as the boys grapple with her yet again, prior to dragging her on to the floor for a third helping of three-way doggy-fashion frolics.

Our oversexed housewife is desperate to gauge the erotic effect of her new black leather suspender belt and black silk stockings . . .

Immensely Proud

'Gulp! Schlpf! Eow, you men really ah DIS-gusting!'

Founder's Day, and Charles has never felt fitter. Immensely proud of a bruised cheekbone and cut under the right eye (c/o Errol the spar), Charles parks the (hired) Bentley on Agar's Plough and escorts his proud, sexually satiated wife to visit Little Jeremy's housemaster, who dutifully informs the Eaton-Squires that, while their progeny is little better than educationally subnormal, the quality of his cocaine is without peer, hence the lad's immense popularity in the dives of Windsor.

'Fret not, Mr Eaton-Squire, the lad will go places. By the way, have you seen this lovely gold Rolex he bought me for my birthday?'

Charles and Henrietta head back to the meadow, where the Krug, the Pimms and the smoked salmon sandwiches build Charles' blood pressure to bursting point.

'That bastard Holdsworth! Where the heck is he?'

'Dahling, I don't want to upset you, but . . .'

'Oh, damn and blast you, Holdsworth. You absolute shit! How could you do this to me?'

Horrible Holdsworth, the class bully 1951-54, has chosen June, of all months, to be wheelchair-ridden with a broken something-or-other.

'Come on then, Eaton-Squire, you horrid little swot! Beating up cripples is just about your level, isn't it! Gutless little worm – I'll get you next year, just you see!'

Charles fumes, breaks open the Gordon's, and swills it, undiluted.

At three'o clock, Charles and Henrietta repair to the riverbank for the Procession of Boats. Below them, parked on a steep gradient, is Horrible Holdsworth in his wheelchair, in the custody of his moustachioed wife.

The band strikes up the *Eton Boating Song*, the first boat appears round the corner below Windsor Castle. Mind working overtime, Charles observes Henrietta's thigh-high skirt, Holdsworth's wheelchair – and the river.

'Dahling, move along about 50 yards and position yourself just below the crowd. When I wave, bend over and adjust your shoe strap – '

'Charles, I really don't think . . .'

'– or I won't invite Trigger round for more late-night sandwich sessions!'

'Oh, very well . . .'.

Charles pushes his way through the crowd until he is directly behind Holdsworth's wheelchair. As the eights lift their oars in pairs and rise shakily to their feet, Charles signals his wife, who stoops to reveal a glorious expanse of black stocking-top and marble-white thigh.

'Gosh, look over there! Stunning piece of totty, what!'

As the men chortle their approval and the ladies tut, disgustingly, Charles releases the brake on Holdsworth's chariot, which trundles down the riverbank with growing momentum, pitching its screaming occupant head first into four feet of murky water, accompanied by a loud splash.

'It's all right, dahling, you can get up now.'

Charles disengages a stray hand from between his wife's statuesque thighs, and, deaf to Holdsworth's gurgling threats, leads her back to the School Yard to collect Little Jeremy from roll-call.

'*Yesh we'll shtill shwing togethaaah, and swear by the best – hic! – of shcoooools . . .*'

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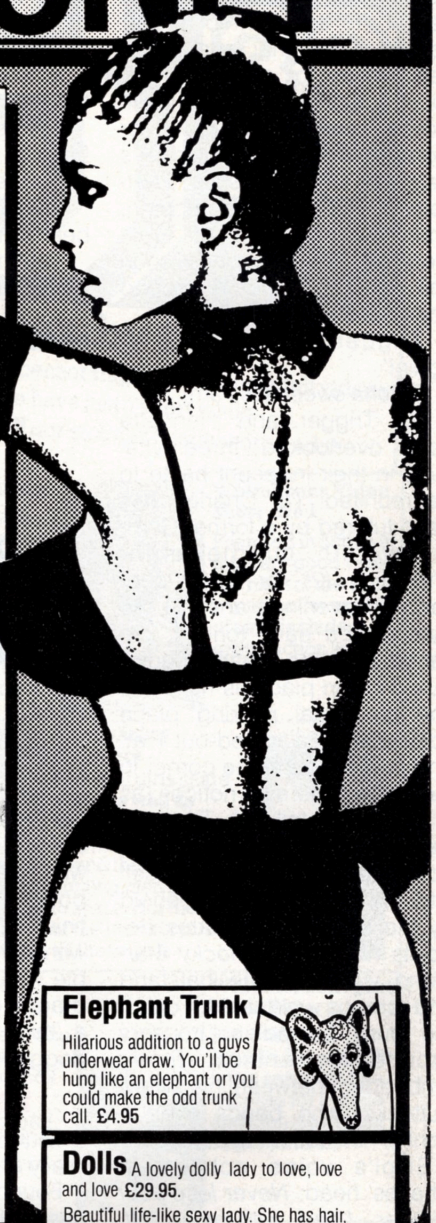

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club Event

In our experience, girls have always been good at pulling things. So why, we thought, don't we get together eight of the finest female pullers we know, and really give them something to clasp their experienced mitts to? So a tug o' war is where we're at this month.

Our friends at Ashton-on-Mersey Rugby Union Football Club (more of this later!) were asked if they would be willing to provide the venue for the glittering occasion, and they considered the matter carefully.

'What? *How* many? *Naked*? Bring 'em on!' was the official response. So bring 'em on we did – Ann, Kirsty, Maggie, Helen, Rhona, Claire, Carol and Suzanne; all girls who like a good time, and who know how to *give* a good time.

When the pulling started in earnest, the mud *really* made things all the more interesting, especially when our fun-loving crew started slapping the stuff all over each other's thighs and bums. It made for a great spectator sport, and obviously met with the approval of the watching rugby club members, judging by the grunts and groans.

Actually, they shouldn't have been there at all, but just how do you tell a 15-stone prop forward to fuck off?

As to who won our event, there was as much confusion as there ever is on these occasions. However, our horribly biased Asst Ed decided the honours should go to the team which included cute Kirsty, simply because she was wearing a Scotland football top.

Whether he's after a 'pull' of a rather different sort we don't really know, but she's a strapping lass, right enough, so we'll go along with that. We'd better, really!

Photographs by Paul Diamond

club Event

club Event

club
Event

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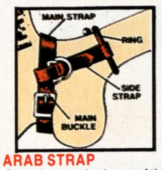

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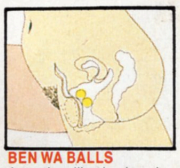

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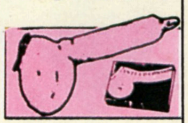

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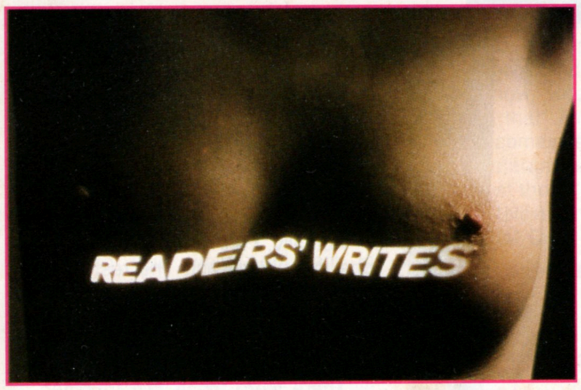


continued from page 7

we ate the meal. I went on: 'I miss someone to curl up to in bed at nights.'

He smiled, and replied: 'Well, we'll have to see what we can do about that, then, won't we?'

We carried on like this for the rest of the meal, but I couldn't stand it any longer. I abandoned all hopes of a subtle, candlelit seduction.

'Come on,' I said. 'Let's go upstairs to bed, then you can fuck my brains out.' He simply nodded, and I followed him upstairs.

When we reached the bedroom, I undid my hair and let it fall around my shoulders. I began to undress him: first I took off his shirt and jacket, then undid his trousers and pulled his pants down. I gave him a blow job, sucking and teasing his prick with little nibbles until he shot his load into my mouth. Then he ripped my blouse off and pulled my skirt down. He pushed me, naked, on to the bed.

'You fucking whore! You're a right little slag, aren't you? I'll give you a good bonking . . . just wait!'

He then put his seven-inch tool into my juicy, wet pussy and began to thrust in and out – slowly at first, then quicker and quicker until we reached a fabulous mutual orgasm.

We then lay back and kissed passionately. He fondled my tits until he had regained his stiffness, when we went into a 69. When we were again ready to climax, he pulled his cock from my mouth and plunged it into my cunt, again thrusting hard until he came in my fanny for a second time.

All the while I was groaning and screaming with ecstasy. Andy was certainly the best I've ever had – the number of men I've screwed is now well into three figures – and he's still only 18. I'll have to invite him round for a meal again soon – you know what they say about when the cat's away . . .

Dawn, Surrey

Foul Foot Faults

I notice you receive a steady flow of letters concerning women's feet and footwear. Men who admire this part of a woman's body are lucky, because women tend to regard what their feet look like – shod and bare – with great importance.

But we girls aren't so lucky: the male foot, and most of the shoes which cover it, leaves a lot to be desired. I happen to like having 'nice things' done to me by a man's foot, but it's a rare event when I can actually find a pair that I'd let anywhere near me. Hard skin, cheesy smells and dangerous, uncut toenails seem to crop up time and again. If I wrapped my feet – in anything like that condition – around a man's cock, he wouldn't be very happy, would he?

Any man who can demonstrate that he has clean, well-manicured feet can come and stick his big toe in my pussy any time. Get the baby powder out, boys.

Jessica, Portsmouth

Top Ten Corner

1 Charlene (Vol 15 No 2)
2 Selina Scott (TV presenter)
3 Heather Locklear (Sammy Jo in Dynasty)
4 Lesley-Anne Down (actress)
5 Paula-Anne Bland (Claire in Grange Hill)
6 Amanda Burton (Heather in Brookside)
7 Frances Coverdale (newsreader)
8 Tracey Ullman
9 Shirley Cheriton (Debbie in EastEnders)
10 Pamela Bellwood (actress)

Richard, Braintree

Lab Love

I had been eyeing her up ever since I first saw her at the beginning of term. She had an amazingly sexy face, and I couldn't stop thinking what she was like underneath the white overall.

I'm 18 and in my last year at grammar school, and I'm doing chemistry as an 'A'-level subject. 'She' is our new laboratory assistant. She has long, curly, blonde hair and penetrating blue eyes.

The great moment came about because I didn't do too well in a test at the beginning of term. My chemistry teacher decided I should have a re-test, and arranged for me to sit it at 2.30 last Monday.

I've no idea whether there's life out there, Cecil – I just wish there was more in this bed!

When I turned up at the appointed time, my teacher said I'd have to do most of the test on my own, because he had to go off somewhere else. Once I got started, I became so involved that I didn't even hear him leave. But you can bet your bottom dollar I noticed you-know-who when she came in to clear up after all the experiments had been done in the lab.

She must have felt my eyes on her, because she slowed her pace right down and started walking more sexily. She went first to the teacher's desk, wiping the top with a cloth. Then she came to the long desk just in front of me. She wiped carefully and lovingly, as if she were caressing something. She kept on looking up at me, and I could feel a deep heat inside me.

Then she moved on to the long desk where I was sitting. She bent over to use the taps in front of me, and, because she had unzipped her overall a bit, I could see down in between her shapely breasts. As she slowly passed behind me, I sensed she must have been very close to me, because I clearly noticed her sweet smell – which turned me on no end.

I then turned around, pretending I was fetching something from my overcoat. She was right there. 'Eat me!' she exclaimed (*that's one hell of an opening line! – Ed.*).

I reached for the zip of her overall, and slowly pulled it down to her waist. I then peeled back the material which was keeping her lightly-tanned body from the rest of the world. Her body was no surprise to me; it was just as I had expected it to be.

She retreated slightly from my long, hard embrace and lay on the desk behind her. After unzipping the rest of her overall, I followed her there. Before I knew where I was, she had unbuttoned my shirt and removed both my trousers and pants.

She said: 'Get on with it – the other lady is coming in about five minutes.' She mentioned my name.

'How do you know my name?'

'I have my sources.'

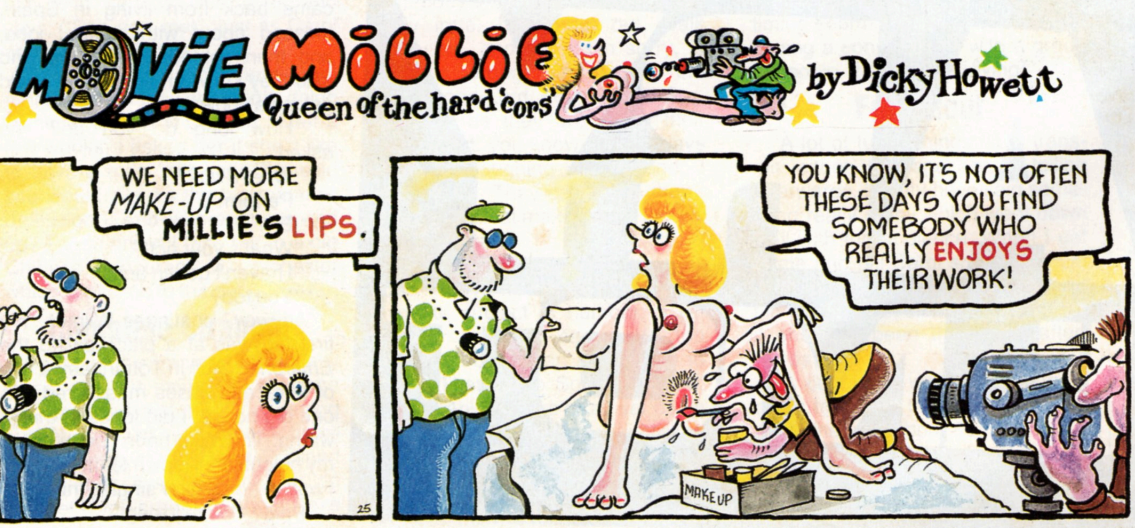
She then told me her name was Sarah, and that was the sum total of our conversation.

When her pussy was nice and moist, I wasted no time in getting my hot rod in there. I was experiencing the very last moments of my virginity, and it was wonderful.

Her body worked beautifully, obviously experienced in the subject, and it wasn't long before we both climaxed. She let out a deep, passionate groan and I felt my spunk pumping into a woman's cunt for the very first time.

Hopefully, our close relationship will continue for a while yet – she's invited me over to her flat tomorrow . . .

Name and address withheld



Club COMIC

Brian O'Hanlon drops in on GARY WILMOT

Gary Wilmot's forté is that he gets on with everyone. He's that enviable sort of bloke nobody seems to have a bad word to say against. He is either a comic who does impressions, or an impressionist who does comedy, depending upon how he feels and where he is playing.

'Actually, I tell audiences I've got one joke in my act. The rest is all asides,' he grins good-naturedly, sitting back on top of his bed in a London hotel where he is doing a gig that night.

'There were these two Irishmen in Oxford Street. One's watching the other's fists clenched, knuckles down, in front of him. One fist keeps leaping into the air and falling back again, as if jerked by some invisible string. "Right, Paddy," says Yer Man. "Tell me which one the frog's in."

Double Up

When Wilmot tells it, you crease. You double up. The accent is perfect.

And he answers to Wilmot. 'That's what they called me at school. You see, "W" is at the bottom of the register, innit? Well, it got so'd you'd hear *Arthur, Athurton*; sorry . . . *Arfer, Affuht-'un* – you know, 'cos it's "Wandswuff" – so everyone called everyone by their surnames. I was "Wilmot".'

Gary's father, who died back in 1960, was a founder member of *The Southlanders*; a West Indian harmony fun quartet, headliners in the West End's club circuit in the late '50s and all through the '60s, yet Gary was not stagestruck; no early urge to get into the business.

'In *Wandswuff*, you see, on the Lansdowne Green estate, I always knew that coming into show business was a lot harder than it appeared to be on the box. In south London there were no live venues or social clubs to speak of, so, to me, live entertainment *was* the telly, or the West End.

'School? I didn't enjoy it one bit. Couldn't wait to leave. But I did my bird!

Messes About

'I wanted to come into the business when I was about 21 or 22. I came back from living in Spain, messed about with several jobs, and then someone rang me and said they knew an agent who could get me a show.

'"How long do you do?" he asked.

'"What's *do*?"

'"Perform".

'"Eh?"

'"What's your act?"

'"I haven't got an act".

'"You too?"

'Anyway,' continues Wilmot, 'my first gig was at a place called the *Enterprise Club* in Tottenham; a row of terraced houses massacred into one big house. I did loads of things wrong. The mike hadn't been set at my height. It fell down to halfway, so I was bending over singing into it.

'Paid? You're joking!'

It was after that traumatic experience that Gary glimpsed Wales for the first time.

'I asked a woman where the club was. She asked me if I knew the area. I told her I didn't, and she replied: "Oh well, you go up to the traffic lights, and you turn left, and it's right opposite *where the bus shelter used to be . . .*"

'Mind you, we've got 'em in London, too. I turned up in West Ham and asked a bloke the directions to the social club at which I was appearing. The guy said: "Well, you go up to the traffic lights, hang a right, you come to this bleedin' supermarket, give it a blank and do another right, after which you come to a T-junction. Turn right and it's down there on the right".

'"Hang on a second", I said. "That's right, right, right, and right. Won't that bring me back here?"

'"Yeah. The club's over there behind you . . ."

'I mean – he was the sort of geezer Dick Van Dyke should have taken cockney lessons from before he went into *Mary Poppins*. That always makes me laugh: "Ullo, Mary Poppins – oim a chimnee sweep, inn-eye . . . ?"'

Wilmot jelly shakes on the bed in considerable glee.

Humorous Edge

Like all good natural comedians, Gary Wilmot is the first to turn his humorous edge inwards. 'I was in the States for the first time, walking through this big shopping mall – you know, the sort they have over there. I went into this launderette and asked the woman for some change.

'"Gee", she said. "Are you from England?"

'"Yes".

'"Gee, I just love to hear you talk. Say something . . ."

'"Say something", I replied.

'"Hey, hold it. You're too much. I want that my husband should hear you also. Hal . . . get your ass offen the pot and come down here. I gotta black guy here speaking with an English accent already".

'The last time I was over, I took my little daughter, Katie, along. We're in this deli and the man behind the counter burps quickly as he's serving us. Katie looks up at him with serious little eyes and says: "Pah-don *me*!", just as Carol and I have taught her.'

Carol was a dancer, and Gary met her when they were both doing summer season at Clacton. 'After a few weeks, I asked her if she'd like to have a meal with me. She said she would. So it's the big romantic deal, right? And where do we end up? I'm so green I take her to a big Chinese restaurant in Colchester which is packed to the doors!'

Complete Stranger

Being a funny man professionally means there is never any shortage of unsolicited material. 'I'm getting out my car just now, and a bloke comes up to me in Great Portland Street and says: "Gary, what do you get if you cross a birthday cake with a can of beans?" I shake my head, and he replies: "One that blows its own candles out!"

'You know, when I first went to America that time, a complete stranger comes leaping up to me like a Pomeranian. "Hey now, hold it! Stay just there! Ain't you the guy who's on television in London, England? A-ha! Don't say a word . . ."

'What he meant, of course, was that it was his first time as *Captain*, but I don't think everyone cottoned on – especially the British passengers!'

In his pre-showbiz days, Gary Wilmot spent some time as a scaffolder; an education which came in useful when Admiral Nelson's bust was being replaced atop his column in Trafalgar Square. 'They had a topping-out ceremony. The 17 stonemasons that were involved had a tea party on top, and to help them celebrate, they invited me and *London Weekend*. It made a very funny item for the *Saturday Six O'Clock Show*!'

'"Hey, hold it. You're too much. I want that my husband should hear you also. Hal . . . get your ass offen the pot and come down here. I gotta black guy speaking with an English accent already . . ."'

And before I can, he bounds away into the distance. I mean, someone's had to let him out, haven't they?'

The Wilmot humour is what the business calls *schtik*; Yiddish for visual comedy. 'It always makes me laugh when I see someone trip over and disappear,' he confides, cheerfully. 'You know, like behind a settee or out of sight. And whenever I see the thing with the plank – the bit where someone has a plank on their shoulder and turns round clouting people and everyone ducks – I love it. The *Hare Krishna* lot in Oxford Street? Yeah, I'm always interested in things like that. I wonder what they do when they get home? I mean, do they have orange sheets on the bed?'

Lovely Smile

Gary derives further *schtik* from the antics of other road users. 'It's strange to see the way people react because they are in a hurry. Whenever anybody has a go at me, I give them a nice gentle wave and a lovely smile. It's happened a few times where I've actually been in somebody's way and they've got really irate. I just get out, walk calmly up, and say: "I'm sorry, is anything wrong? Oh! I'm in the way? Good Lord, you're right! Sorreee . . ." as they are doing their pieces. But, you know, they always burst out laughing in the end. I make them. They can't help themselves, and that makes them bloody annoyed again!

'You know,' continues Wilmot, by now really warmed up to his favourite subject of humour. 'I remember before I came into the business I caught an *Iberia* flight to Spain. That *is* the Spanish airline, isn't it? Anyway, we're all sat down and the pilot speaks to us in broken English. "For those of you who are fly for first time do not to worry. Is mine first time also . . ."

Serious for a few minutes, Gary tells me about his humour. 'I come to silly conclusions about tiny little things that nobody's given a second thought to. Whenever I'm given a joke, I do like to try and put it into a situation as a vehicle for transporting my asides.

'Impressions are just a piece of what I do – I use them as a way of making people laugh. Impressionists usually learn the impression and then find the material to go with it. But I prefer to find a funny piece of material and then say: "Oh, 'Kenneth Williams' would be great doing that!"

'Timing is the thing in comedy. Now, everybody in Britain has natural timing because you are able to communicate with the next man. The only time it changes is when you put them in front of an audience, when, for some reason, their timing seems to go. All it is really is having a conversation with a group of people. It's everyday living!

Fell About

'A lot of funny things don't transmit either to paper or re-telling afterwards. I might have said something really funny which went down well with the audience. When I get home and tell Carol she says: "Oh yeah?" sometimes, and looks a bit blank. You see, she'd have laughed if she had been there, but afterwards . . .

'A couple of weeks ago, I bent down to talk to this girl in the front row. She was about 18. She had a camera in her lap so I took it from her and took a snap. She's sitting next to a bloke about 40 or 45, so I say, conversationally: "I see you've come in with your Dad?" "No", she says. "He's my husband!" Well, I just fell about for a good five minutes. Then the audience started. The couple took it very well and came in to see me a week later at another venue. Same place, in the front row. 'Course, we had to do the gag again!

'One of my things is to never tell a lie onstage . . .'

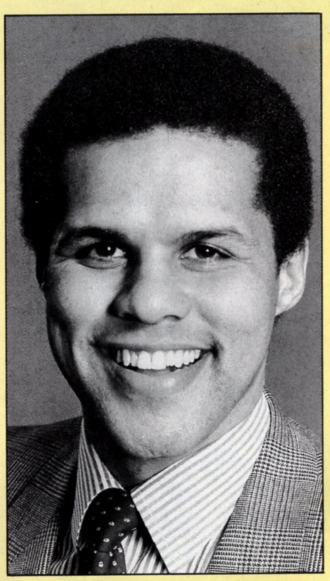
But *off* it?

Wilmot grins acknowledgement, but carries on. 'I say: "I've had a request this evening. Well, actually I haven't had a request. I just say that because I like doing this piece of material. You don't know any better, do you?" And people laugh, and love the approach.

'The "Big Time" is the way people see you. You simply carry on working. When I did well in last year's Royal Variety performance at Drury Lane and got good notices, the appearance increased my workload, but it didn't make me say or believe: "Ah! I'm a star. I can do this or that . . ."'

I get up to leave. 'There were these two guys walking through the jungle. All of a sudden there's a rustle in the bushes,' says Wilmot, leaning across in confidential manner. 'So the bloke says: "Hi, Russell. What are you doing here?"'

MY FAVOURITE GAG



'Dick Turpin holds up a stagecoach. "Tonight, I'm going to rob all the women and kiss all the men . . ."

'"Dick", says the driver. "Haven't you got that wrong?"

'"Be quiet!" says an effeminate male voice from inside the coach. "Mr. Turpin knows what he's doing, ducky!"'

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On The Trail

Photographs by Dave Antony

I've lost count of the number of times I've dropped in at the shop on the corner on my way home from work and then ridden home on my bike with a loaf of bread or a pint of milk tucked precariously inside the front of my leather jacket, feeling all the while that the whole lot is going to splatter on to the road at any minute. Not great luggage carriers, motor bikes, are they?

Of course, there are all sorts of ways you can accommodate luggage on a bike, without ever reaching the capacity of a Volvo estate: you can fit panniers, a top box, a tank bag, or even wear a little rucksack.

On the other hand, you can always tow a trailer.

What do you mean you didn't know bikes were allowed to tow a trailer? You're way out of date, sunshine – it became legal way back in April '84, and I bet that's news to quite a few coppers. You should have seen the look I got from two Met men out on the beat as I passed in the rush hour traffic one morning.

In fact, how about this little gem? I have it on good authority that rookie rozzers at the Police Training Centre in Hendon were being told to get the handcuffs out for bikers seen towing a trailer . . . nearly two years after it became legal. Luckily, one of the novices being told this was able to put them right, as his mate just happens to work for the trailer manufacturers!

It has to be said, though, that it hasn't been the most widely publicized piece of legislation ever to hit the streets. I wish I had a gallon of petrol for every time someone rushed up to me at traffic lights or wherever and said: 'Are you allowed to tow that thing?' It was obviously the first time most people out there had ever seen a trailer hitched to a bike; it was certainly the first one *I've* ever laid eyes on.

New Generation

The trailer I had on test is called the Shuttle, manufactured by Freewheel UK – the same company who market the little Sidewinder leaning sidecar (itself a luggage carrier; strictly not for passengers!). Aimed mainly at long-distance bikers, the Shuttle is designed to be fitted to practically any bike over 250cc. Just turn up at Freewheel, or their fitting agents in London, and they'll kit you out.

For the record, bike trailers have a legal maximum payload of two-thirds of the kerbside weight of the bike, up to a maximum of 150kg (330lbs), and the Shuttle complies with that exactly.

Okay, so you've got your bike and your trailer, and it's all nice and legal, but what is it actually like to *ride*? Well, we fixed up one of the new-generation four-cylinder BMWs, as that's exactly the type of bike the Shuttle is suited to – a long-distance tourer.

Next, we took it along to fitting agents Eamonn Cleere Racing in north London to have the sturdy subframe and ball joint attached, hitched up the trailer, and we were off.

I'd been told to more or less forget I was towing a trailer – on the BMW, the panniers were still the widest part of the bike. The only thing to bear in mind is the extra length, otherwise pulling in after an overtaking manoeuvre could have led to some fun and games (not to mention a bashed Shuttle).

And that's more or less how it turned out to be. For the first few miles, I was really cautious because I just couldn't get used to the idea that I was on a motor cycle with a trailer in tow. But I soon came to terms with the fact it wasn't going to jack-knife or shed its contents; in fact, I often found myself glancing in the mirror to see if the bloody thing was still *there*! Of course, it always was – it's attached to the bike in exactly the same way a trailer or caravan fits to a car, so there are no worries there. Safe as houses.

Too Cold

Freewheel have been doing very nicely, thank you very much, with Shuttle sales, and they've off-loaded dozens of them to the Honda Gold Wing Owners' Club. Many of the members go the whole hog and have the trailers colour-matched to their bikes.

One customer removed the lid from his Shuttle and attached a little plastic screen in its place; not because he thought it would look any better, but so he could take his dog with him!

I thought about that, but then suddenly realized I didn't have a dog, which came as a bit of a blow. Besides, it was far too bloody cold to take a dog outside (as you can see from the pictures, we weren't enjoying the best of weather at the time!). No, I'd been dying to have a go on a rather neat folding bicycle I'd borrowed, and the arrival of the trailer meant I had the perfect opportunity to take a run out to the countryside and try it out.

This also gave me my first real chance to have a good ride on the BMW. Like all 'Beemers', the K100 grows on you the more you ride it. I can't imagine anyone being over-impressed by just a brief spin on one, because the steering seems heavy at first, and the engine's very buzzy under acceleration until about the 70mph mark. The one thing that's noticeable straight away is the silky-smooth gear-change, which must be the best I've ever come across.

Effortless

The faster you go, the more that aerodynamically-designed fairing comes into its own: it really channels the wind away from your head and chest, and gives the bike a feeling of rock-solid stability at high speed. This means you can cruise for mile after effortless mile, two up and loaded with luggage, all day long. This bike eats distances like Billy Bunter eats cream cakes.

Not with the trailer attached, though; you're legally restricted, like all trailer-towing vehicles, to 50mph (although – whisper it – the BMW could charge along at 80–90 without any feeling of instability. Long, sweeping bends sometimes made the bike yaw a bit, but nothing dramatic).

The major drawback with the trailer was that filtering through rush-hour traffic had to be carefully thought-out: none of the cut-and-thrust and diving for tiny gaps you would normally go for on a solo bike.

Overloaded

But some bikes I've seen are so overloaded with luggage, they look positively dangerous – so what better way to wipe out the problem than to bung the lot in a trailer? It takes only seconds to fit or remove the Shuttle, so you don't even need to run around with it fitted all the time. Without doubt, it's a safe, practical and efficient means of load-carrying, achieved at the cost of only a little inconvenience.

With or without the trailer, the BMW is a classy bike. It's expensive, and it looks it. The paintwork is deep and bright, and the styling is sleek without being too flashy. Unfortunately, the looks are spoiled somewhat by what is undoubtedly the world's ugliest silencer.

The flat four-cylinder engine propels the bike along at a fair rate of knots, meaning BMW owners can now mix it with the big Jap bikes. The K is light for a 1000cc machine, so very little effort is required to lean it into corners; while maybe not so precise and agile as something like a Kawasaki GPz900, the handling is perfectly acceptable.

Briefly, some other points I noted: the bike feels undergeared, in that I sometimes wanted to change up to another gear, even though I was already in top; the fiddly steering lock on the headstock is out of place on such an expensive bike; the toolkit puts those on other bikes to shame; the Italian Brembo brakes have a nice feel, but lack the bite of the latest Japanese offerings; and the switchgear and instrumentation, which includes a digital clock, is A1, even if having one indicator switch on each handlebar takes some getting used to.

Finally, I should point out that BMW UK haven't changed their minds about not wanting to see their bikes in Club International – ours was borrowed from a private owner. BMW might be a bit upset, but they should realize that, at this magazine, we usually get our way in the end . . .

Dawn Beaven

Shuttle trailer (£350 inc. all electrics and fitting) supplied by Freewheel UK Ltd, Cromer High Station, Upper Norwich Road, Cromer, Norfolk NR27 0HF. Fitted by Eamonn Cleere Racing/Kwik-Fit, Unit 1, Rangemoor Road, Rangemoor Industrial Estate, off Broad Lane, Tottenham, London.

Bickerton three-speed folding bicycle, £189 from Telesonic Marine Ltd, 60–62 Brunswick Centre, Marchmont Street, London WC1N 8AE.

Dawn's MQP leather jacket, Gold Top gloves and AGV X15 helmet supplied by Rivetts of London Ltd, 234/8/8 High Road, Leytonstone, London E11.

BMW K100RS

Engine:	987cc flat four, four stroke. Liquid-cooled. Maximum power 90bhp @ 8000rpm, maximum torque 63ft/lbs @ 6000rpm.
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Test bike supplied by Mr Roger Lee, The Software Construction Company Ltd, 1 Stafford House, Churchfields, Broxbourne, Hertfordshire.

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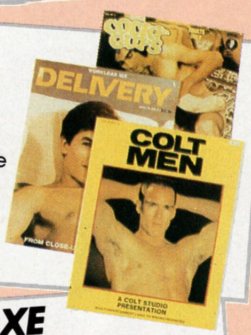

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MARLENE

Photographs by Wavelength Productions

WOMEN'S Writes

Our women readers reveal their indiscretions and get their sexy secrets off their chests.

Fed up with being the wife of a soldier boy, Stephanie gives her old man his marching orders and goes off on the warpath . . .

You know what it's like being young and all sexed-up . . .

When I was an Army bride in my early 20s, I used to fly out to Germany every two weeks to be with my husband, a Signal Corps sergeant. I wanted to live with him permanently, but I couldn't give up my job as an illustrator in London because of the extra money it was bringing in.

Well, you know what it's like, being young and all sexed-up, and after just a couple of months of to-ing and fro-ing I began to get really pissed off and frustrated. I wanted fucking two or three times a night, but all I was getting was two or three times a *fort*night, and every time I looked in the wardrobe mirror alone in my room at my mum's house, studying my ripe, young tits and my tight bottom, it struck me as being really ironic and unjust, having to finger myself off when all the time there were at least 20 blokes I knew who'd give anything for a few minutes between the sheets with me.

One Sunday night on the plane back from Germany, feeling really down because I'd spent the whole weekend rowing with John instead of fucking him, I found myself seated next to a really smooth, silver-haired guy in his 50s. He looked very dapper in his well-cut suit and silk shirt, and soon I was fantasizing about having his cock in my mouth, his balls in the palm of my hand, and his fingertips wriggling around inside my quim. Almost as though he was reading my thoughts, he started to chat to me. He was so elegant and sophisticated (silver-tongued as well as silver-haired!), I felt my panties begin to go all moist.

He was drinking lagers and said he was dying to pee, so I tried to make way for him to squeeze through to the aisle. However, there was very little space. So, to make room, I spread my knees, quite unintentionally giving him a flash of my white cotton knickers in the process. He grinned, and I immediately spotted a bulge in his trousers the size of a salami.

Hot For Him

By now I was really hot for him, so much so that – completely mesmerized – I followed him down the aisle to the loos, figuring we'd be able to chat more intimately standing at the back of the plane. He grinned when he saw I'd followed him out, and winked as he closed the toilet door. Two minutes later, the 'Engaged' light went out and he peered through the crack in the door and beckoned me inside. Doing a quick 'eyes-right' for any watchful stewardesses, I ducked inside and the stranger bolted the door behind me.

When he put his arms around me, I was shocked, looking down, to see his enormous dick hanging out of his fly. Even as I looked, it started to twitch and swell, and I became highly excited. Feeling utterly shameless, I lifted my little leather skirt high above my waist and pulled my panties tight up over my clit.

'Look what you've done to me!' I said, pointing to the large damp patch in the gusset. 'Gone and got me all wet, haven't you?'

The handsome man pulled me closer and we tongue-kissed. Then he grabbed two big fistfuls of my bottom and squeezed hard until I flinched, and, although it was terribly cramped in that little loo, the discomfort only served to get me more and more excited, and soon I was down on my knees, gobbling that big, salty cock like a common little whore. While I sucked, his big, hairy hands disappeared down the top of my T-shirt and he jiggled with my tits as I started to lick the tip of his bulbous, purple knob.

Droolingly

'I'd love to shag you,' he said, looking down droolingly at my cock-filled mouth. 'But there's simply not the room. Let me spunk into your mouth, then I can lick you off while you sit on the bog.'

No sooner had he said that than his balls started to twitch and great spurts of come splattered into my eager mouth. Making sure I'd milked the last drop out of him, I swallowed deep, wiped my mouth and, lifting my skirt again, positioned myself on the loo and wriggled out of my panties. I spread my thighs wide, frigging myself off as my lover got down on his knees and struggled to get between my legs.

My God, this smooth operator certainly knew how to use his tongue! He held me open with his thumbs and worked his tongue in between my floppy lips, licking me in neat little circles, driving me half out of my mind in the process. When he moved up a fraction and started slobbering over my clit I went crazy, and I could only stand it for a few seconds before I started to climax.

This was the first time I'd

been unfaithful to my husband, and I have to admit I had no regrets. John's first love was the Army, and whenever I threatened to leave him, he only laughed. However, another two years passed before I finally summoned up the courage to tell him I wanted out for real: two years of constant fucking and sucking with other men. I guess I must have worked my way through 20 or 22 other men before I finally found one I could settle down with.

The silver-haired smoothie I met on the plane turned out to be very vain, with no great respect for the ladies, and our 'love life' together soon degenerated into my being used as a walking oral sex machine. It's nice to suck a bloke off every now and again, but I soon grew tired of being denied 'proper' sex.

Following that brief fling, I took up with a West Indian gym teacher who taught me all manner of naughty tricks. We got on really well together, but for his fondness for screwing me on the sofa on Friday nights while his mates sat around watching, drinking beer and eating Kentucky Fried Chicken, offering advice and encouragement . . .

Debonair

Then came Ivan, a debonair young college lecturer who went in for corduroy suits, Austin-Healey sports cars (held together by plastic padding) and pipe-smoking. However, sometimes he smoked other things than mere tobacco, after which he'd walk around the house in a zombie-like trance. When he was in the land of the living he was an unbelievably good fuck (he could go on for ages), but I prefer my men more down to earth.

Akii was so down to earth, he was positively basic! An oil-rich Iranian exile, he was obsessed by sex. Even when he was screwing me, he'd be looking over my shoulder at his favourite filthy video, urging me to try and emulate the obscene antics of the girls on the TV monitor. Then there was Gordon, an incredibly pretty guy who needed sex several times a day. He was blond and lean and intelligent and generally rather lovely – to the boys as well as the ladies. I showed him the door when I caught him with another fella . . .

There were lots more men besides, none of whom come anywhere near Adrian, my present live-in lover. He's 40 years old (ten years my senior), an architect with his own practice in Covent Garden, and he's crazy about two things in particular: screwing me in the all-fours position and taking (very) rude photographs of us both 'at it'. Adrian wants to progress to home videos soon – a mouth-watering prospect for us both. All I need is a pair of old-fashioned black silk stockings and some kinky thigh boots, and perhaps we can break into the blue movie business!

Stephanie, London W4

Sharon discovers her next-door neighbours are willing to do more than just chat over the garden fence . . .

We have been living in our spanking new house in Potters Bar for over a year now, and my husband and I both love it. Not only is the house well proportioned and the country-like location superb, but our neighbours, Kim and Patrick (like us, a young, professional couple in their early 30s) make life very interesting, because of their interest in swapping.

I'll never forget the first time we discovered our neighbours' secret hobby. It was the first Friday night after we'd moved from our old place in Walthamstow. My husband, Les, and I had put in a hard week of moving and setting up home. We decided to relax on the patio over a couple of large gin 'n' tonics. It was around 9.30 on a warm July evening, the sky turning pink as the sun started to set. Les was on holiday, and I was over the moon with the new house. As I sat there, nice and relaxed, I could hear the sounds of laughter and tinkling glasses coming from the place next door. People were splashing and yelling in the pool, and it sounded like they were all having fun.

Then I heard what sounded like a girl moaning. I gestured to Les to stop talking, and I listened more intently. Sure enough, I heard it again, a sound like someone being hurt. I stood up and walked to the edge of the lawn to peer over the fence, and I was shocked at the sight that met my eyes. Our neighbour – a very attractive girl I'd met just hours earlier, cutting a hedge in her front garden – was kneeling on a bath towel, completely naked, and a very muscular man kneeled behind her, fucking her like crazy. I then looked around the garden, and was stunned to see three or four other couples having sex – including the lovely lady's handsome husband, sitting down by the pool swigging from a beer can, being given a blow job by a girl who could only have been 18 or 19 years old.

Kinky Scenes

So this was why people moved out into the suburbs! I was half shocked, half excited by what I saw, not knowing whether to disapprove or whip my panties off and join in the action. Les joined me at the fence and gave a low whistle when he saw what was happening, and I just *knew* he was getting a hard-on. Sure enough, his hand went up my skirt and he started fingering me off, still watching the kinky scenes next door.

One thing led to another, as they say, and soon I found myself being led upstairs to the bedroom for one very highly-inspired sex session. In fact, looking from our bedroom window, we got a wonderful view of our neighbours' orgy, and I sucked Les off as he watched. He came so violently, I couldn't contain it all in my mouth, and I ended up with sperm in my hair and all over my tits!

As I dropped off to sleep that night, I wondered how long it would be before we met our new neighbours formally, and whether they would invite us to join in their parlour games. As it happened, I didn't have to wait long to find out.

Skimpy Bikini

The very next day – an absolute scorcher – our beautiful neighbour came to the door and invited herself in. Kim was a stunner: around five foot nine tall, with long, straight auburn hair and flashing blue eyes. Her figure was 'instant hard-on', and the skimpy bikini she wore flattered it to perfection. I was a bit cold to her at first (far from sure she was anything but some kind of brothel madam!), besides which I was suspicious of her friendliness. I offered her a soft drink, and soon we were sitting on the lawn, getting on like a house on fire. I invited her and her husband back that evening for a barbecue.

We had a great dinner. I met Patrick for the first time, and found him every bit as charming as his wife – and every bit as attractive. Kim brought over a huge salad, while Les cooked steaks on the grill. No way did they seem like a pair of sex perverts – and they definitely weren't in the porno business, as Les had suspected!

It was after dinner that things really got started, when Kim invited us next door for a swim. We sat by the pool, chatting over a bottle of chilled wine, when Kim calmly stepped out of her clothes, walked to the water's edge, and gracefully dived in: I thought Les was going to choke on his drink! Instead, he dropped his trou-

I bagged that monster coming out of Matilda's tent . . .

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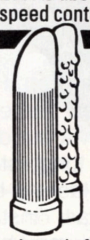

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WOMEN'S Writes

I was going to act like an out-and-out whore!

sers (he wore bathers underneath), whipped off his shirt, ran to the poolside and jumped clumsily in, making a hell of a splash. We all laughed and felt relaxed in each other's company, so when Patrick moved his chair close to mine, I didn't think anything of it. But when he put his hand on my knee and started talking about sex, I froze instantly.

Up My Skirt

I didn't know how to react. Patrick's hand was slipping further and further up my skirt, and I was petrified Les would see what was going on, get out of the water, and clock him. By now, Patrick's fingers were worming their way inside my pantie-crotch – and at that precise moment I saw Kim and my husband standing in the shallow end of the pool, kissing passionately. To my amazement, she started to peel off Les's trunks, and I saw his already-hard cock burst free. She stroked it lovingly a few times, then lifted a leg and introduced Les's cock to her incredibly hairy pussy. I looked away as he penetrated her, and I felt like crying.

Patrick suddenly took me into his strong arms and whispered into my ear that everything was going to be okay. He started to fondle my tits, unbuttoning my blouse and lifting them out of my bra. I was stunned at what was happening, but I didn't chicken out, even when he'd undressed me completely and lifted me to my feet. I stood facing him, my arms half-heartedly around his waist, as he peeled off his swim trunks and his hard-on came into view. I cast a sideways glance at my husband and Kim in the pool, and felt suddenly angry: if he was going to fuck without consulting me, then I was going to act like an out-and-out whore!

Patrick reached behind me and grabbed my bottom, pulling me close to him. Gripping his hard-on, he pushed it down, dug it into my soft belly to show me just how stiff it was, then pushed it down further still, until it was in direct contact with my clit. I opened my legs a little and he squatted to get his cock inside me. Once it was in, he stood, taking me with him, lifting me clean off the ground. I gasped and clung to his broad shoulders while he gripped my arse, and we kissed again, this time with *real* passion.

Deep Strokes

Not since my marriage to Les three years before had another man's cock entered my body. I'd indulged in secret fantasies, of course, and masturbated a lot, but this was the first time I'd broken the vows. Patrick gave me a few long, deep strokes to get me used to the new, big dick that was inside me; then he lowered me to the grass, pushed my ankles back so far they were almost touching my ears – and started to fuck the arse off me! Looking across to the pool, I saw that Les had Kim's shapely bottom against the side of the pool and was really giving it to her, a sight that inspired me to even greater indecencies! In fact, I wanted not just my husband to see how much I enjoyed fucking our neighbour, but anyone else who thought I was a prude! So, now hotter for it than ever, I suggested I get in the doggy position for Patrick to screw me from behind. As my orgasm neared, Les and Kim got out of the pool, and stood beside us to watch.

'You look beautiful, darling,' said Les. 'Go on, Patrick, don't mind me – give her all the cock she wants, the dirty little cow!'

We've all been getting together for regular four-way fucks ever since. In fact, I must have fucked Patrick over 100 times! The only 'house rule' is that everything has to be up-front: no sneaky scenes with Kim when Patrick's out of the house, or with my husband when I'm not around.

Sex with Les was never boring, but now that we're into foursomes, I don't think I could ever revert back to a normal husband-wife sex life. We still make love when we're alone, of course, but what we REALLY look forward to most of all is our wicked weekend get-togethers.

Sharon, Herts

A rock musician invites Camilla back to his mansion, where he strikes the right chord – over and over again . . .

I work as a cloakroom girl in a West End night club, a regular haunt of rock musicians and their hangers-on. Like the girls who work in the bar and the restaurant, I have to wear a silly costume, comprising of tartan mini skirt (*very* mini), black tights or stockings, and uncomfortably high heels. Come three a.m., when the punters are loaded to the gills and ready for beddy-byes (especially if they haven't managed to pull anyone), I'm the 'last hope' before they return home empty-handed. If I had a pound for every invitation 'back to my place for a coffee', I'd be a millionairess!

However, the last thing I feel like doing after a hard night's work is rolling into bed with some rolling drunk rocker, but if he happens to be someone I *really* fancy (and he isn't too pissed), I've been known to make an exception!

The only trouble with rock stars is, they've had so many groupies and casual lays, they're invariably jaded – NEVER into straight sex. A classic example is the night I was invited home by a celebrated guitarist. We drove for an hour down into the Surrey countryside to his Georgian mansion. He got me nicely in the mood for naughtiness by putting his hand up my skirt and giving me an expertly-administered 'squeeze-off', then he led me upstairs to a bedroom – where his wife was sitting up in bed reading!

I was really shocked and didn't know what to do or what was expected of me, but, then again, they both seemed so relaxed and friendly, I didn't

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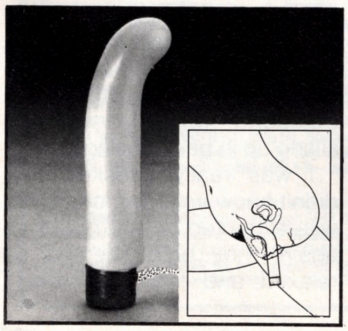

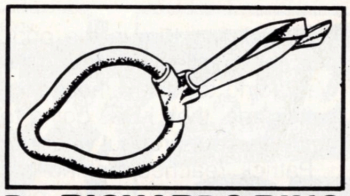

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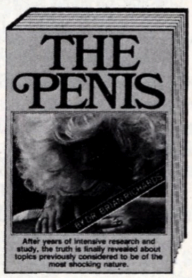

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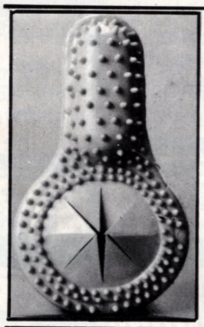

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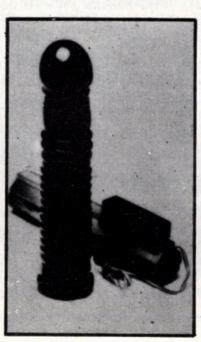

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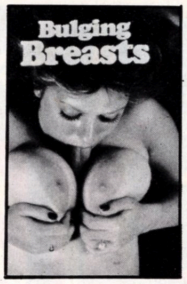

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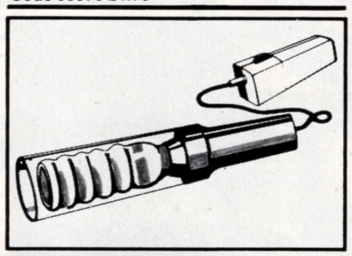

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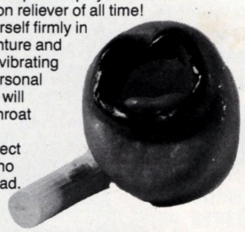

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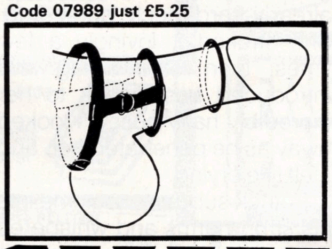

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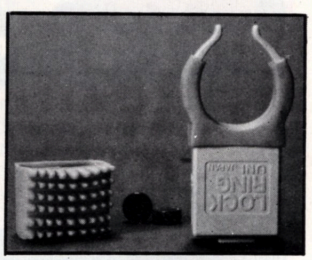

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WOMEN'S Writes

All this teasing was driving me half out of my mind . . .

feel the slightest bit threatened. I sat on the edge of the bed and drank champagne with them, getting steadily more and more smashed. I watched, transfixed, as my pop hero unfastened his wife's bra and started playing with her big, stiff-nippled breasts, and my eyes popped when she reached down, unzipped his fly, and lifted out one of the biggest cocks I'd ever seen in my life!

He pulled back the sheets to reveal his wife's body. She had a figure just like a Page Three girl: big boobs, tiny waist, a neatly-trimmed pussy and lovely, wiggly hips. He started to kiss her nipples, worked his way down her belly, then sought out her labia within her pubic fuzz and started to 'eat' her.

'You can join us if you want,' said his wife, revelling in her husband's attentions. 'But if this isn't your scene, luv, the housekeeper will call you a cab.'

Sex Parties

Decisions, decisions! I'd never been in a threesome before, although I've turned down several invitations to orgies and kinky sex parties, if only for fear of catching something nasty. But joining a husband and wife in bed (especially such a fabulously attractive couple) seemed almost natural. Besides, I was feeling as randy as hell.

'Where can I put my things, then?' I asked, starting to undress.

John (as I'll call him) 'surfaced' from his wife's pretty pussy and kissed me. It felt strangely exciting, having his wife next to us, watching as we snogged. I became more and more turned on. John was whispering kinky things in my ear as he kissed my nipples and fiddled with my clit. It felt just amazing.

For five years or more I'd idolized John from afar, and many's the night I'd laid in bed at home, stroking myself off while fantasizing about screwing him. So when his wife, Patti, said she wanted to watch me go down on him, my pulse started racing. I licked all around his navel, down over his flat, hairy belly, and, cupping his balls, I proceeded to lick from the base of his huge dick to the tip of his glans – then stuffed as much of his huge shaft into my mouth as I could manage.

'Here,' whispered Patti, as I sucked her husband's weapon of a tool. 'Keep sucking, while I toss it off.'

Real Slut

I felt like a real slut, what with John squeezing the back of my neck while his pretty young wife slowly milked him off between my lips, and I prepared myself for what seemed like the inevitable gush of semen. But John had other ideas.

He withdrew his glistening cock from my mouth, taking my hand, and making me feel its wetness. 'Would you like a go?' he asked.

Like a human sacrifice at some pagan ceremony, I got down on all fours alongside Patti and stuck my bum up in the air.

'Fuck her good and hard, luv,' said Patti to her millionaire husband. 'She's not the type of girl to settle for a quick prod.'

'Oooh, you dirty bugger!' I said as I felt John jiggling the head of his cock around the entrance to my hole. 'Put it in and stop playing around.'

All this teasing was driving me half out of my mind! However, when I felt my idol squeezing his huge cock up me for the first time, I knew the teasing was over – if only because I had to struggle to take him to the hilt. Gripping my arse, he started to increase the pace of his strokes.

I came over and over again, almost losing consciousness from the overwhelming pleasure I obtained from John's workmanlike fuck – but it seemed he still hadn't finished with me!

'How's about a rerun, luv?' John said to his wife, reaching under the pillow for a pack of cigarettes.

'*Rerun?*' I gasped. 'Where the hell do you find the energy?'

John and Patti giggled, as though sharing an in-joke.

'Look at the ceiling,' said Patti.

Directly above the bed was a large, modern polished steel and crystal chandelier.

'So?' I replied, puzzled.

'So take another look,' said John.

Inside the bowl, neatly disguised inside a basket of crystal beads, was a video camera. 'You filthy sods!' I said, feeling myself redden with embarrassment. 'Well, go on, then – let's have a look!'

And so we all got into bed, propped up on huge, fluffy pillows, smoking and drinking as we watched the action replay of our outrageous antics on a TV monitor perched on a dressing table stool. I have to admit, I looked every bit as good as my hero's wife (herself a top fashion model). In fact, I looked so good, I'm now a regular house guest of theirs at weekends. After all, it's SUCH a shame for a girl like me to hide her light under a bushel . . .

Camilla, London SW10

club Chance would be a fine thing!

Photos by Ian Potter

Don't go getting any ideas that the violin case is just for show, or that Samantha is some latter-day Al Capone – Sam's never been near a machine-gun in her life, but she could show you a thing or two about a violin. There are one or two other things we'd like her to show us, too, on the evidence of the revealing colour pictures overleaf. But let's give the girl a chance: after all, that's what she's here for.

Samantha, 22, came to London for her big day from Cheltenham, Gloucestershire, where she still lives with mum and dad.

'It's not at all restrictive,' she assures us. 'Because my boyfriend has his own place in town, and I spend quite a lot of time there. I don't usually take my violin with me, though: I'm usually too busy doing other things . . .'

When our photographer, quizzing Sam about her instrument, was told she could quite comfortably play her way through a complete Beethoven violin concerto, he remarked that Sam must spend a lot of her time listening to Radio 3 and browsing through classical record stalls.

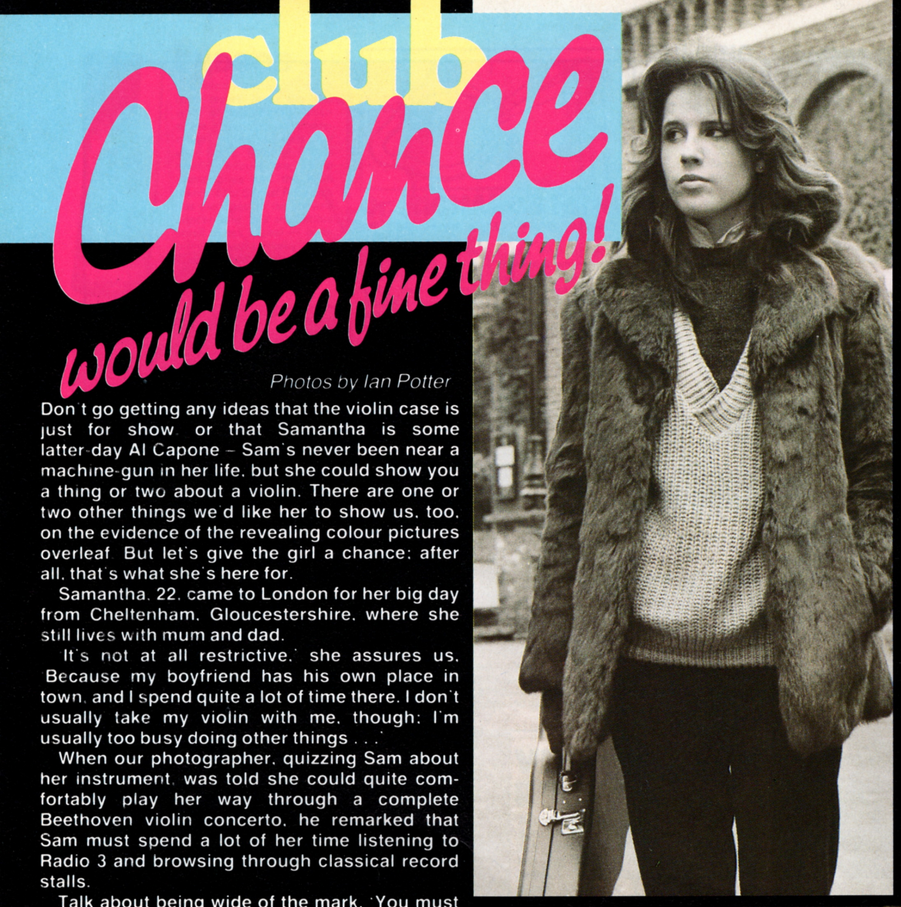
Talk about being wide of the mark. 'You must be joking! My favourite bands are U2, Big Country and Simple Minds. I've only got two classical records at home – and one of them I won in a music contest four years ago when I was a schoolgirl.'

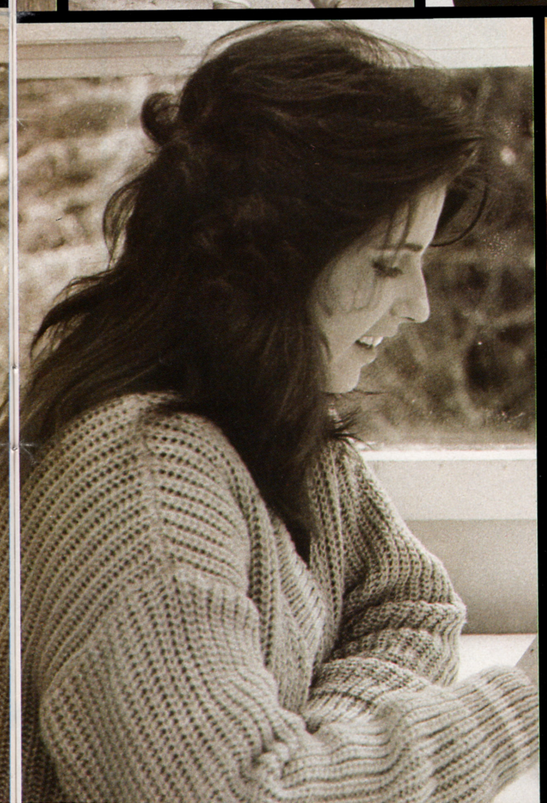
The thought of 18-year-old Samantha fingering her bridge while kitted out in her school uniform is enough to make any right-thinking man pluck his bow. A sweet melody indeed.

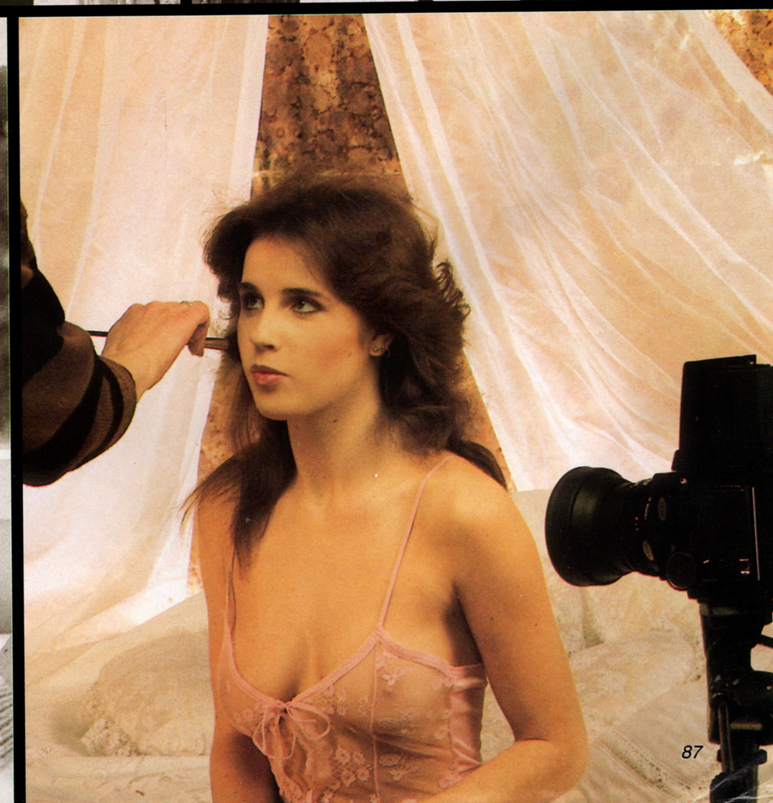
Back to reality, then. It was Samantha herself who sent us her picture with a view to appearing in Club, so how does she feel now she's seen the stunning results?

'When I finish at University next year, I might think about going into modelling full-time. But I'm really impressed with the Club treatment, and I hope you'll ask me back.'

Did you catch that, Ed?







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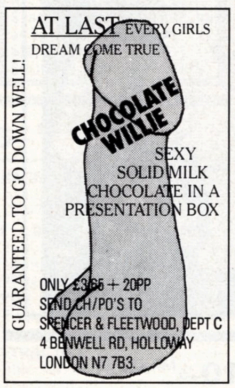

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MAKE FRIENDS

with data link

INEXPENSIVE COMPUTER DATING

FREE COMPUTER TEST

1000s of delighted Members have completed our Questionnaire. Why not fill in this simple version. We will send you FREE and in COMPLETE CONFIDENCE full information about Datalink AND details of just ONE of the many Datalink Members who we feel you would like to meet. It could well lead to 'Life's most wonderful Gift', a friend, a companion, a partner for Life.

Please process this completed questionnaire; send me full information on Datalink, AND details of someone you believe will be compatible. I understand that this is FREE and WITHOUT OBLIGATION.

I am over 17. **START HERE**

Occupation _____
Nationality _____

YOUR PERSONALITY:
Are You

Shy	☐	Outgoing	☐
Nervous	☐	Self-Confident	☐
Affectionate	☐	Fun Loving	☐
Romantic	☐	Ambitious	☐
Intellectual	☐	Creative	☐
Tolerant	☐	Generous	☐

YOUR INTERESTS AND ACTIVITIES
If you enjoy any of the following please ✓ tick. If you have particular dislikes please indicate with a X cross. Otherwise leave blank.

Pop Music	☐	Classical Music	☐
Pub Evenings	☐	Dancing	☐
Dining Out	☐	Collecting Things	☐
Travelling	☐	Spectator Sport	☐
Theatre/Cinema	☐	Poetry/Reading	☐
Walking/Cycling	☐	Gardening	☐
Committee Work	☐	Conversation	☐
Watching TV	☐	Museum visits	☐

Your sex ..... (M/F) Your height ..... Your age .....
Age range of person you wish to meet Min ..... Max .....
Surname _____ First Name _____
Address _____

DATALINK; P.O.BOX 100, STRATFORD-UPON-AVON
For Brochure by return post, phone (0789) 750092. (24-hr Reply Service) **150**

It makes sense ...
to join a large modern Organisation

"... I've been really impressed by your overall efficiency ... not least my partners being within a reasonable travelling distance ... You have obviously analysed the problems ... I am very grateful for all your attention and efforts ..."
Mr. C. T. (Lancashire)

Who Joins Datalink?

In simple terms ..... everyone! We have Members of all ages and from every walk of life. Professional, manual, students ... yes even titled people.
And our Service is STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL

ADULT GLAMOUR

NEW MODELS REQUIRED FOR BOTH STILL & VIDEO WORK. SEND RECENT SNAPSHOT TO ADDRESS BELOW

Glamour videos and photosets for your delight including uniforms, nurse, french maid, army, stockings and suspenders, big boobs, long legs, sexy undies, shower scenes, outdoor scenes etc, etc.
Seventeen striptease videos and over 90 photosets for your pleasure.

SAMPLE 1-HOUR VIDEO: Featuring several pretty girls peeling off just for you – includes those seen here!
Just £15 for the full hour!

SAMPLE PHOTOSET: Big full colour prints of all of our girls. Only £6.

SPECIAL OFFER: Five different one-hour videos (normally £75) for the special price of £60 or TEN one-hour videos (normally £150) for just £120.

1-HOUR VIDEOS OF THE ABOVE GIRLS: Each of the girls above appears in her own one-hour video – various striptease routines, uniforms, etc. Our lists and samples are fully comprehensive and include photos of all our girls plus full details of our videos and photosets. Send *NOW* for your copy!

Cut out order form: —

To order: simply fill in your name and address, tick the items you want and send this slip along with cheque/postal order for the full amount to: Fiona Cooper, PO Box 16, Halifax, W. Yorks HX1 1EU.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

Please print clearly.

Dear Fiona, please send me the items below under plain cover. I am over 18.

- ☐ *1 hour sample video featuring several girls. £15 VHS/BETA*
- ☐ *Lists and samples £2*
- ☐ *Sample photoset £6*
- ☐ *1 hour video of Helen £15 VHS/BETA*
- ☐ *1 hour video of Susie £15 VHS/BETA*
- ☐ *1 hour video of Sara £15 VHS/BETA*
- ☐ *1 hour video of Rhona £15 VHS/BETA*
- ☐ *5 different 1 hour videos £60 VHS/BETA*
- ☐ *10 different 1 hour videos £120 VHS/BETA*

All prices include p&p

CI

Discover the flavour.

LOW TO MIDDLE TAR As defined by H.M. Government

DANGER: Government Health WARNING:

CIGARETTES CAN SERIOUSLY DAMAGE YOUR HEALTH